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JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

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by Aneurin Bevan, M.P.

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by A. G. Gardiner

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FOOD FACTS

"By request"

Items from last year's Food Facts which women are constantly asking for

In response to a flood of requests, we are republishing these popular hints and recipes:

Stretching the sugar ration—

1—with saccharin. Sugar mixed with saccharin goes further. Take about 30 standard-size tablets and crush them with a rolling pin, then add this to ¼ lb. sugar, mixing thoroughly. This mixture equals a pound of sugar in sweetening quality. With this you can sweeten puddings, stewed fruits, etc. You need only half what you would use of sugar. Used by itself, 3 or 4 saccharin tablets equal an ounce of sugar.

2—with jam, marmalade or syrup. Any of these can be used to save sugar in making cakes or puddings. When you use syrup, reduce the liquid by 2 tablespoons for every 6 oz. of syrup used.

How to have more fat for cooking

Trim all surplus fat off cooked or uncooked meat, and render it down. Firm fat can be grated or chopped finely and used instead of suet.

To render down fat: Cut in small pieces and put in a pan in a cool oven till all the fat has melted and there are only crisp brown pieces of tissue left. Be careful not to let the fat burn. Strain into a clean basin.

Cleaning used fat: Save all fat from the tops of stews, soups, etc., and dripping from roasting, frying and grilling. After clarifying it can be used for making cakes, pastry, and so on. Clarify it this way: Put fat in a pan and cover with water. Bring slowly to boil. Leave to cool. The fat will rise to the top in a hard lid. Remove this, scraping any scraps from underside, then heat in pan to drive off any remaining water. When fat stops bubbling, the water has all gone. Pour into a bowl and use as needed.

Madeira Cake

2½ oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 2 dried eggs, dry; 4 tablesps. water; ½ lb. national flour; 4 level teasps. baking powder; a little milk; flavouring if liked.

Cream margarine and sugar. Add eggs dry, beating thoroughly. Beat in water gradually. Add flour, baking powder, flavouring, and enough milk to make a soft consistency. Bake in a moderate oven 1½-2 hours.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 239

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AND YET he was once so puny, so fretful and nothing would stay on his stomach. Then his mother tried Nestlé's Milk and, almost overnight, a change came about. Mother says Nestlé's was a godsend. And all because Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk, Nature's own perfect food, so prepared that even a delicate baby can digest it easily.

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Rowntree's Cocoa
soothes frayed nerves

TO PUT THE FLAVOUR INTO THAT MEAT PIE USE ···

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

ruary 3 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2016 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

STALIN'S PAUSE FOR BREATH

Fatal German Losses. Politics and the Big Three. War Criminals' Escape. Sir John Anderson Stands Aside. Sugar King Takes Fright. Is Beveridge a Spoof?

INTERLUDE FOR CAUTION. There is no sense in thinking that Marshal Stalin's brilliant armies can jog smoothly through to Berlin without a break—because they can't.

There must be an interval for regrouping, for shifting supplies, for bringing new men and munitions from the back lines. Already there are signs of slackening.

At present the Russians are fighting with large masses of isolated Germans stranded in their rear. Those big pockets must be mopped up, communications linked up, before the advance can resume at the same breathless speed.

Stalin's Strength

When it is continued at full tilt again, we may well find that it will synchronise with an all-out effort in the West.

The general war position was never better. The Russians have mounted an immense attack; experts in London consider that they are deploying not less than *five million* troops on their vast front.

They are believed to outnumber the Germans by ten to one in the air, and by twelve to one in tanks.

Their preponderance of heavy artillery, at which the Russians have specialised ever since the classic days of history-book Czars, is overwhelming.

They mass 300 big guns to a division —against fifty in a German division.

Germany's Trapped Army

So the Germans are hopelessly outnumbered in the east on every count.

In addition, they have virtually lost twenty-seven divisions, trapped and stranded in Latvia. Some of their best troops are away in Italy, and they may not have time to move them to the critical eastern front.

In every way, then, the enemy is outgeneralled. But that does not justify thinking that he will cave in in a week or two.

Are the Russians True?

THE ANTI-SOVIET BUG dies hard. Twice in one morning a few days ago two successful professional men assured me that they did "not believe" in the Russian advances!

"They aren't killing Germans," was the argument. "They're advancing through a thin screen of troops."

Major E. W. Sheppard, the military commentator, asked what he thought about the casualty figures, replied:

"By the time the Russians have wiped out the vast units they have overrun the figures will be very high indeed."

But it is no use telling some people.

Blow to the Heart

MEANWHILE, THE GREAT Silesian victories are of more than military importance, as the map on this page shows.

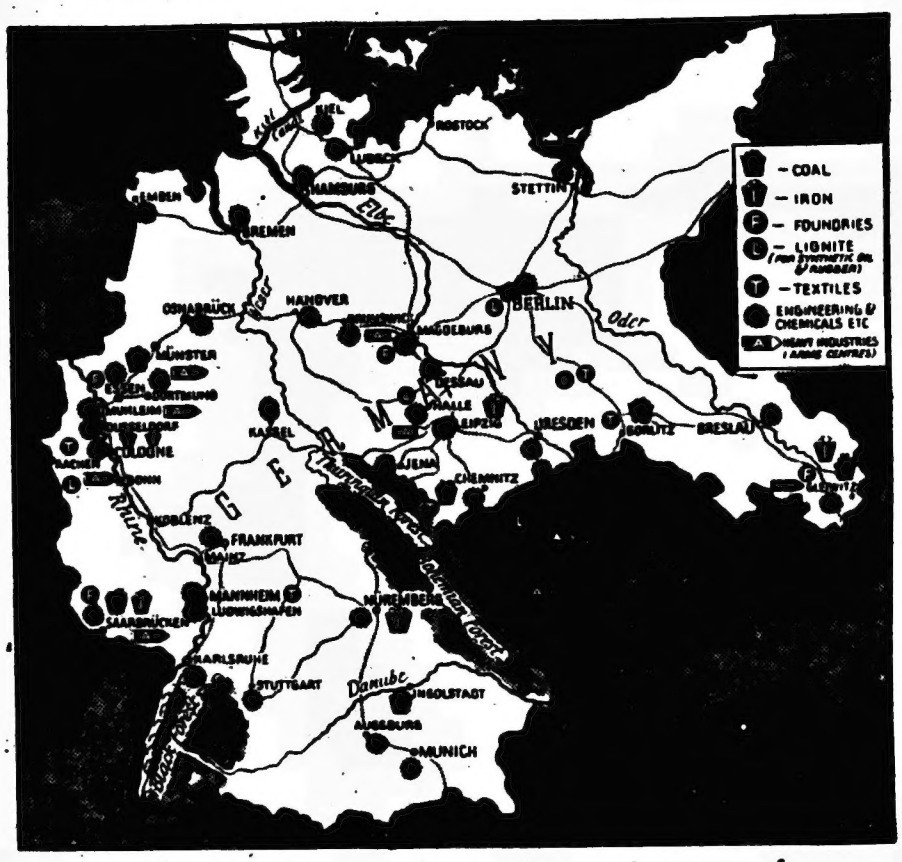
Silesia was one of Germany's last great munition plants.

She cannot wage modern war when her arsenals are knocked out. The Ruhr has been crippled by the valiant air crews of the R.A.F. Bomber Command; Silesia is now a shambles and largely over-run.

That leaves mostly the "escape" factories, built hurriedly in Austria. Germany's other industrial areas are too small to enable her to sustain a costly war

The loss of Silesia will have another disastrous repercussion on Nazi economy. That province guarded the grain lands of western Poland, and was a vast food storehouse.

Now the grain is largely burned—or captured.



Here at a glance, can be seen Germany's sources of power, now being broken from both east and west

Fight the Weather

ONE FORM OF PLANNING has been almost totally overlooked in our national life—planning to counteract the effects of violent changes in the weather.

In the winter, despite past experience, we seem always unprepared for bad conditions. Snow and fog make the railways and the roads chaotic.

In early Spring, with monotonous regularity, large areas of the country are deluged by floods whose waters are never properly conserved.

And a few months later, year after year, we are warned against drought.

Another Grid Wanted

To appreciate what flood means you need to live in East Anglia. To know how roads can be snowbound you need usually to be in the north.

Every year main roads in the north are frequently blocked by drifts during the winter; in some areas of the Pennines there is an average of as much as 30 days road blockage a year. In Scotland the figure would be much higher, of course.

In many countries precautions are taken against these stoppages. On summits or very exposed sections where roads are likely to block, snow screens are built.

It is a point to be remembered when Britain's roads are at last brought up to date after the war. As for drought, let us hasten the building of a national water grid!

Cutting the Gas

OF RECENT WEEKS the abnormal weather has produced an acute fuel problem.

Gas and electric power are in short supply owing to the huge demands of industry.

The coal shortage has been accentuated by the transport difficulties. It always happens that when the demand for domestic coal is at its greatest, the job of getting it into the hearth is hardest.

It is true that many municipal authorities had prepared central dumps well in advance, but in many cases the distributing machinery was slow and cumbersome.

The business of queueing for a few pounds of coal, and then carrying it home, is not funny; particularly when the home itself is still only partly patched up from last year's bombing.

Paying for Nothing

Consumers are asked to economise on fuel and power. They have been doing so, in the worst weather.

It is time that they were at least

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FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE.

Readers not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Without Fear or Favour

COAL—OUR LIFE BLOOD

WITHOUT COAL, Mr. Brown of Blackburn and Miss ones of Balham must lose heir jobs. If the mining industry is not restored to full ealth, Britain cannot prosper fter the war.

The patient has been sick or years. The Government's artial control during the war as merely tried to bring own the patient's temperature. It has not probed the oot causes of his malady.

A more drastic remedy must e found.

Mr. Robert Foot, chairman f the Mining Association, recommends amalgamation of he 746 separately owned colery undertakings. He calls or concerted action to make oal-getting more efficient.

But he proposes to leave in ontrol the owners whose mismanagement and stubborn iehardism have brought the ndustry into stagnation and isrepute. The miner is to ave even less voice in its ffairs than at present. You, he consumer, are not to be epresented at all.

Can such a nostrum make he industry fit for its postwar tasks?

The British miner, handicapped by last-century methods, produces five or six ons of coal a week. His American brother, helped by modern organisation, produces ome thirty tons a week.

THE BRITISH SYSTEM, obviously, must be brought up to date. It should be mechansed to yield a greater output nd better conditions for the iners. It should be reorganised so that coal and its y-products can be fully tilised by new industries.

How can this be achieved? Amalgamations of companies, he miners' new national nion, the national minimum vage, do not affect the seat of he trouble.

What is needed is nationaliation. That is the only way o ensure that coal—one of ur basic raw materials—will e produced and used for the enefit of the whole country.

Mining must be made effient for the public's benefit. t must be administered on ehalf of the public.

The Editor

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

rewarded by being exonerated from paying for the current they have not used.

At present many consumers, with an "all-in" contract with their supply company, find themselves paying for more current than they have consumed—and the companies refuse to allow a rebate.

They should be made to give one. Refunds should be ordered where, in the national economy interest, householders have failed to use their minimum.

Otherwise the electricity concerns are getting it both ways.

Removing a Stain

A NUMBER OF MEMBERS of Parliament are shortly approaching the Ministry of Health urging that the form of wording on a birth certificate should be so modified that the stigma of illegitimacy is removed.

This may seem a small thing in the middle of a total war.

In fact, it involves a principle, and the removal of a handicap which has operated unfairly against thousands of people.

It is fair to point out that JOHN BULL first proposed this reform many months ago.

The Big Three's Subjects

THE MUCH TALKED-OF meeting of the Big Three is mainly political this time. But the first and most important question is bound to be the hastening of the military defeat of Germany. Next come three great talking points: the scheme for world organisation drawn up at Dumbarton Oaks, the policy of the United Nations in Europe, and their policy in Asia.

Big-Fist Politics

Dumbarton Oaks proposed an assembly of peace-loving States. But the Russians have demanded that this future council will be able to act only if the big Powers are unanimous.

This, in practice, could mean one law for the strong and another for the weak. The proposal must be thrashed out on the highest level.

Meanwhile, in Europe, conflicts are bitter. Russia, in return for vast areas of Poland, is offering the Poles vast areas of Germany. This means that future Poles would be dependent on Russia for protection from the future generations of Germans.

The position could not be more complicated.

What will Happen?

INCIDENTALLY THE Institute of Pacific Relations, an influential but official body, has been holding a conference in the United States.

The peace settlement with Japan was discussed. The Chinese and Indian members are more moderate in their demands than the Americans.

When the war is won China will want back places like Formosa, conquered by the Japs.

What will happen with the colonies of the Western States, where Japan has temporarily overrun them?

Burma and the Philippines are certain to become self-governing dominions of Britain and the U.S. respectively. But what about the others? Places like Java cannot be returned to their pre-war condition. One thing is certain—the East is changing.

Holding the Gold

MOST OF THE Yugo-Slav ministers in London are expected to go to Belgrade shortly, Peter or no Peter. The man who counts is Tito, busy fighting Germans there.

What will happen to Dr. Rudolf Bichanich, vice-president of the Yugo-Slav National Bank, who now lives in a small flat in Kensington?

He has charge of the vast Yugo-Slav gold deposits, now held between Britain and the U.S., which are one of the points of contention between Peter and his ministers.

Bichanich is a member of the Croat Peasant Party. A successful business man, he would be a surprise to the people who think that Tito's followers are a gang of revolutionaries.

Fixing Fair Rent

IN THE NEXT WEEK or so the long awaited Rent Committee's report will be sent to the Minister of Health.

It will probably be published later.

The Committee has considered every aspect of the present-day rent problem.

Two major proposals are likely to emerge from the recommendations—firstly that tribunals should be set up to decide on the fairness of both unfurnished and furnished rents; secondly, that the various Rent Restriction Acts should be consolidated.

Three Thousand Criminals

WE HEAR A LOT these days about the eventual punishment of war criminals. What happened last time?

The facts are revealing. In order that they will not be repeated it is worth giving them in some detail.

Last time the campaign for the trial of the criminals died a natural death. People became tired of it, and wanted to forget the war.

But before that a list of 3,000 names was drawn up. The Allied Governments, realising that it might be difficult to trace all of them, whittled them down to 900

They included Hinderburg and the Crown Princes—*but not the Kaiser, who had fled to Holland.*

Prison—and Congratulations

Then the German representative at Paris refused to proceed with the list, and it was dropped. The Germans themselves produced a list of their own—of forty-five names!

Of these forty-five, twelve received minor sentences. The others were forgotten.

Then warders were tried for allowing war criminals to escape. In due course they were exonerated, and compensated for having been disturbed.

A man named Captain Muiler, whose maltreatment of British prisoners of war had been proved, was given six months, and congratulated by the court for keeping zealous discipline!

Two junior officers in a U-boat which had sunk a hospital ship and shelled its survivors served a few months each. Its captain conveniently "disappeared."

And that, for the record, is what happened last time. . . .

Sir John Side-Steps

WITH GOVERNMENT APPROVAL, the City of London has formed two companies to finance private enterprise, with a capital of £40,000,000 between them.

The money is being subscribed by the insurance companies, the investment trusts, and the Bank of England. It will help to re-equip industry.

The Government, Sir John Anderson was most anxious to point out, has no responsibility in the matter.

That is precisely the point. The Government should have plenty of responsibility in the matter. The Bank of England's pre-war record as a financing house was not one that inspires confidence that it can shape up to post-war problems left to itself.

Ask Jarrow.

They Call It Freedom

MUCH MORE SENSIBLE is the Government Bill—sponsored by Mr. Dalton—to increase trade credits from £75 million to £200 million. But no doubt it will be fiercely assailed by the people who fear any extension of Government help and initiative.

To the Society of Individualists, for example, the Government is something that should speak only when it is spoken to.

This quaint sect, whose members are mainly well-to-do rentiers, believ ardently in "individual freedom," which it apparently means no c trols, no bureaucrats, no nonsense, plenty of cut-throat competition the good old Capitalist jungle.

The weekly paper which is appa ently its tiny mouthpiece is incli to print smears against Jews appears to believe in the Bolshe menace.

Its public demonstration rece was tolerably well attended by a c fortable audience consisting mainly the middle-aged and elderly.

The Lady Winced

A woman near the writer wh audibly whenever the leader writer the *Daily Herald* was mentioned!

An earnest search for a wom man failed to find one. He w have been very conspicuous.

It would have been nice to k how many directorships were re sented in the audience, paying its lip-service to the rights of the l fellow.

Sir Leonard's Red Herrin

The first speaker was Sir Leon Lyle, the sugar king, whose attitude native labour in Jamaica was so terly criticised before the war.

Sir Leonard used to run a conc called the National League for F dom, now merged with the Ind dualists, the aims of the two concer being more or less identical.

Twice in his speech he mentio that Socialism stood for control peoples' private lives. But he did you may be relieved to hear, sug that it also meant the common ow ship of wives.

And, as usual, he deliberately fused Fascism and Socialism, wh he professes to regard as one and same thing. He never stopped to plain why, if they are one and same thing, the Nazis should h filled their concentration camps w Socialists yet welcomed so many the present-day Individualists to old Anglo-German Fellowship.

Beveridge Spoof?

Sir Ernest Benn, who followed h is the society's star turn.

A Puckish little man, when h hissed the remark that Bevan was a "deceiver," a lady in the au ence crowed audibly with delight.

But Sir Ernest makes one gr mistake. When he talks about Brit it is always so obvious that he me *his* Britain, a nice warm Britain w a private income.

But Britain will not be warm h anyone after the war unless its affa are sensibly planned now. And th means Government control, forest and enterprise.

Cutting the 'Phones

A JOHN BULL commissioner, rece returned to London from a h provincial investigation reports that Southampton he went to eight pu telephone call-boxes, to find three of order and five with their earpi cords cut.

A few days later he found a simi state of affairs in Salisbury.

Local policemen reported that telephones are a commonplace no days. What mental quirk is it th makes people descend to such pu less vandalism?

Paying for the Floor

The same man reports, with th that the racket in hotel rooms is creasing. So are prices.

It is now extremely difficult to accommodation, even in places wh a man has been a regular cli Trade travellers are particularly h hit by the shortage and prices.

One reporter here records sleep on the floor for 17s. 6d. in Glasgo when rooms were actually vacant.

Argument

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

Would you like to have added to your pay packet a small weekly allowance for each child?

for	against
1. The State needs children—it should pay for them.	1. There would be endless probing of officialdom to see how the extra money was spent.
2. It is wrong for marriage or child-bearing to be put off for lack of money, since natural fertility lessens with age, and younger parents tend on the whole to have more and better children.	2. If the employer pays the allowance, the bad employer has an incentive to get rid of married men. If the State pays, the bad employer's wage-bill is subsidised.
3. Higher wages too often mean simply higher prices. When they are paid by the State as family allowances the "vicious spiral" of wages chasing prices is avoided.	3. Family allowances aim at bolstering up capitalism by ensuring some sort of bare minimum existence. Welfare should depend on good wages, not on allowances.
4. In 1939 about 15 per cent. of families were below the poverty line, a third child being the chief cause.	4. At £4 per week, 5s. extra per child is useful; at £8 per week it makes little difference. The scheme thus encourages the unskilled worker to have children, but not the skilled worker, whose heredity factors are presumably better.
5. Paid to the mother, the allowances would hardly ever be wasted, and the increased spending power, apportioned to necessities, would be an immense benefit to trade.	5. Malnutrition is often due to bad spending. Far better put the money into school meals and other social services.
6. The experience of Australia, New Zealand, France, Italy, Germany, and of a number of progressive firms in this country, is uniformly favourable to the scheme.	6. Differences of rate between married and unmarried men would make for trade union disunity.

A PLEA FOR UNITY

Churchill has sacrificed everything to unity. So much so that Greenwood twits him with "appeasing" Stalin and Roosevelt. Now all sides must give and take

This British cruiser, ploughing through icy seas with a convoy taking arms to the Red Army, is a witness of Allied mutual help

S, BREATHLESSLY, WE WATCH the torrent of events rushing to its climax, certain emotions fill the mind. One is that of speakable thankfulness.

The great peril under which we have lived for years is passing, visibly, swiftly, inexorably. night of our torment is over, and we can te the new day with gratitude that it is our vilege to awake in England and not in rmany.

We have had years of grim awakenings. But y were never "hopeless dawns."

They were always charged with the inner urance that somehow, somewhere the light uld break if we only held on faithfully. Besides, y were charged, too, with the grand motive that were fighting for a cause that was worth living dying for, even perishing for.

But no such solace visits the criminal people o set out to enslave the world. They awake to certainty of imminent defeat.

They awake to the knowledge that they are nded for all time as the enemy of human free- m. Yes, well may we thank God that it is given us to awake in England.

Hitler's Rope of Sand

There is another train of thought associated h this thankfulness, and it is of that I wish write now.

We have saved this country by our exertions d, without extravagance, we can claim that we ve saved the world by our example. If anything rue in history, that is true.

It has been done by an unprecedented com- ation of material and moral power. Nothing s contributed to it more than the magnificent rit of unity that has held the Grand Alliance ether.

Hitler's Axis broke like a rope of sand directly lure loomed in sight. It broke because the Axis s a criminal conspiracy without any moral pur- se to hold it together.

But the Grand Alliance was forged in the rkest hour of the war. It was forged to save ilisation from universal catastrophe. It might sily have come to grief under the strain of verse fortune, for it was composed of alien ments.

But it did not come to grief. Disappointments d failures only strengthened it, and to-day it an indestructible unit of power. All Hitler's pes that the parrot cry of "Bolshevism" would disintegrate it have gone with the wind, and his ys are numbered.

What is the reason? In his speech the other y, Mr. Arthur Greenwood good-naturedly

by A. G. GARDINER

twitted Mr. Churchill with being an "appeaser." He warned him against yielding too much to his "dear friends," Stalin and Roosevelt.

It was an odd complaint, considering Mr. Churchill's past, but there was an element of truth in it. Mr. Churchill has sacrificed everything to unity.

He has put first things first. He has recognised only one enemy. He has worked for only one purpose: the defeat of that enemy.

Whatever course contributed to that purpose he adopted. Whatever interfered with it he rejected.

He has allowed no question of *amour-propre* to intrude. He has flown about the earth like a winged Mercury. If his Allies could not come to him, then he would go to them—any time, anywhere. We have felt sometimes that he risked too much.

But there is no doubt about one thing. He has been the live wire of the Alliance. It is he who has greased the wheels, run the errands, kept the machine working smoothly, taken care to exalt the work of his partners, even at the risk of seeming to depreciate our own share in the common effort.

World of Hearts' Desire

The result is before us in the splendid solidarity of the Alliance for the purposes of the war. Our unity is bringing us victory on a scale that has no parallel in history.

But this is only the prologue. When we have destroyed the destroyer, the greater task of rebuilding a world nearer our heart's desire will remain.

And for that task, unity is as imperative as it is for the immediate task of winning the war. That long-term unity will not be won by wishing. It will only come as the reward of determined effort.

We must hang together. If we don't, the world we have saved from Hitler will be wrecked among the competing clamours of rival ideologies and factions.

We see the foreshadowings of the danger already—in Poland, in Greece, in Yugoslavia. If that danger is to be averted, there must be firm and unanimous leadership from the powers whose agreement can alone organise and establish the new World Order.

This leadership calls for a spirit of give-and-take on all sides, an atmosphere of tolerance, a sense of justice and fair play, and a resolute will to subordinate separatist interests to the achievement of universal peace, order and law.

It will not be easy. We have seen symptoms

U.S. lorries pass the gateway of Paoshan, an ancient city on the Burma Road. Help for China is another token of the unity we must strengthen

A Polish soldier mounts a Bren gun in Italy. Alexander has shown that men of a dozen nations can make a united stand

of the revival of old hostilities on both sides of the Atlantic—naggings and suspicions, and the emergence of ancient anti-British venoms.

This is regrettable, but not disquieting. In the end the better mind of America generally triumphs. True, it didn't in 1919.

But since 1814 no two great peoples have had so splendid a peace record as Britain and the United States. That record has been and I believe will be reaffirmed and strengthened under Churchill and Roosevelt.

And so I hope with Russia. It would be folly to pretend that all is lovely in the garden here. The attitude of Russia to Poland and the Baltic States has given concern to official opinion in America, but these differences will be reconciled if on all sides the great goal is kept in view.

Nor is it in the relations of the great Powers and their Allies alone that the spirit of unity must prevail if the fruits of victory are not to be lost. We must have unity of purpose at home.

I do not love coalitions, but I regret that the coalition which has carried us so successfully through the war seems doomed. I regret it for this reason:

Foreign affairs should be outside Party warfare. Our policy should be agreed, constant and inflexible.

Learn from Greece!

Never have foreign affairs been of such overshadowing importance as they will be during the next year or two. If our policy here becomes stricken with domestic Party quarrels our influence in the resettlement of the world will be gravely prejudiced.

We have had an example of what may happen in the storm that has arisen over Greece. But for the fact that the responsible leaders of the Labour Party were inside the Cabinet, aware of the real facts and resolutely faithful to their obligations to the nation, that storm would have shattered the Government and created a crisis which would have split the nation in two.

Above Party Struggle

Europe seethes with potential disturbances of this sort, in which the Government of this country will be compelled to play its part.

Are they all to become the subject of passionate Party warfare? Is the settlement of Europe and the fate of the world itself to become a mere football for contending political factions at home?

If so it will be fatal to the cause of unity in the momentous work that lies before us.

In discarding the Coalition we have one supreme duty to fulfil. It is to keep our foreign policy, not above criticism, but out of the mire of the Party struggle for Power.

Unity, unity and, again, unity is the condition on which alone the world can be redeemed

Seven Months Without a Home

—because the great housing muddle still goes on

ONLY A FEW DAYS after their second baby was born a flying bomb crashed on the little home of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Robins in Fernbrook Road, Hither Green, in South-East London. The family lost everything they had except their lives.

This was in June last year. Little wonder, then, that they are in despair and complain bitterly of the housing muddles which still leave them living in appalling conditions.

Turning their backs on their ruined home, seven months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Robins took their six-year-old boy and the newly arrived baby and bravely set off to find somewhere to live. They found accommodation at Swanley, Kent.

When I called on them in Swanley it was not difficult to see how terrible life is for them and the others in this little house.

Let Mr. Robins describe the conditions as he showed them to me. "We have this one room," he said. "Four of us try to sleep in the bed. There is no room for a small bed for my little boy. We have no facilities for a fire.

"Three families are living in the house, although there are only four smallish rooms and a kitchenette."

At their old home at Hither Green Mr. Robins was within reasonable distance of his work with the London Passenger Transport railways.

Hopeless Future

Now, on late duty, he cannot get home after work. He spends the night sleeping in a train on a siding, or in a porters' room. If he is on early duty he has to leave his home the night before and again sleep where he can until it is time to go on duty.

"I have made repeated applications to the local billeting officer, and to the rehousing authorities at Lewisham, in which borough we were living," said Mr. Robins.

"We have no complaint against the people who have kindly allowed us to share their house. The landlady consented to take us in for a week or so until we could find somewhere more suitable to live. We cannot find anywhere. That was seven months ago. Now our health is suffering."

Mrs. Robins told me how she has been compelled to use her landlady's household utensils. In ten weeks, mostly of bitterly cold weather, they had been able to obtain only one hundredweight of coal to supplement the landlady's allowance, although they were forced to use her rooms for cooking and warmth.

These are quiet, decent people. Mr. Robins has served with the Home Guard and the St. John Ambulance organisation, in addition to his work on the railway. His wife always prided herself on her tidy little home at Hither Green.

"Attempt is Being Made"

I went to Lewisham Town Hall to learn some details of the "other side" of this problem in London's second heaviest-bombed borough.

In this great residential area accommodation has been found for 4,500 people who have been bombed out. There is still a long waiting list.

Officials told me that everything possible had been done. Houses have been requisitioned, temporary huts have been built, and many people have been evacuated to other areas.

With regard to the Robins, I was told that an attempt is being made to rehouse them in Hendon or Finchley, in North London.

That is the only hope which this family has. **HARRY FOWLER.**

Lady Violet Bonham Carter leads the Liberals

OPEN LETTERS

Lady Violet Bonham Carter,

President, Liberal Party

DEAR MADAM,—I owe allegiance to no political Party. I prefer to steer an independent course, praising the good and condemning the evil in any issue, and having at heart only the welfare of the nation as a whole.

Without bias or reservation, therefore, I can welcome your election as Liberal Party president—the first woman chosen to guide the Liberals. It is a welcome sign of progress in a great political Party. But the one outstanding plank in your programme is the demand for effective control of the building industry and the erection of 750,000 houses a year for renting over a period of five years.

It has been said that the Party which solves the housing problem will command a majority at the polls. There may be some grounds for this view, because, undoubtedly, the question of housing in immediate post-war years is going to be Priority Problem No. 1.

I don't care which Party produces a solution to this problem. All I know is that the problem must be solved, and solved quickly, if Britain is to be able to get on with the job of restoring her pre-war trade.

Discontented workers seeking homes—decent homes where they can bring up families—are not going to help in the task of putting the nation back again on a prosperous peace time footing.

The Liberal plan is ambitious, but not excessively so. It aims at subordinating everything to the one vital job of producing houses. Yet it is not enough. Until the wholehearted co-operation of all Parties is secured these millions of sorely needed dwellings will not materialise in time.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. Arnot Robertson,

Heath Street, Hampstead, N.W.3

DEAR MADAM,—What a laugh you raised on the Brains Trust when you declared: "There's a lot of spare time left from being a wife and mother, unless you're so unfortunate as to have no assistance in looking after the children."

The operative and mirth-provoking word is "unless." I doubt whether one mother in a hundred has to-day any help in running either her home or her children. And the reference to spare time is, of course, just another of those blunders which come from people out of touch with the way the country lives.

I had always thought that novelists, indeed, anyone who writes, should be sure of their facts or their background. So really, Mrs. Robertson. . . .!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice Stable,

King's Bench Division

MY LORD,—That humanity which flows from the Judges of the High Court is a thing apart in the administration of Justice. Your comment, for instance, at Northumberland Assizes, when you were told that the local shipping federation would not take boys with criminal records, should be brought to the notice of every employer and of every magistrate.

"Criminal records are bunk," you retorted. "Every boy of eighteen has a criminal record. I know I had one."

Thanks for the confession. It eases my mind. What boy worth his salt has not broken the law, raided orchards, trespassed through forbidden woods, broken windows, fished in preserved waters, and, likely as not, been chased unsuccessfully by a half-amused policeman?

It's time this "criminal" record stuff was debunked. It's time, too, that the petty, narrow minds of some magistrates were diverted to other and less dangerous forms of activity than sitting in judgment at Juvenile Courts. Their prejudices and their lack of understanding are much more harmful to the country than the "offences" of the "bad" boys and girls who appear in their courts.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

WHEN TO BE WASTEFUL

NO ONE CAN LIVE FULLY who does not every now and then waste a little time.

Does this sound terrible? Let us use another word. Let us say that no one can live fully who does not every now and then have a little distraction. It means the same thing, but maybe it sounds better to war time ears!

There is no more pathetic sight than the men or women who, even if they ever knew, have forgotten how to relax, how to enjoy doing nothing very much, how to cease to be earnest for a few minutes, how to—yes, let's say it again—waste a little time.

It is an excellent thing to make what you do serve some purpose, to push a little further towards some clearly seen and much-desired goal. But it is an equally excellent thing to do sometimes something that has no other object whatever beyond affording you enjoyment.

There's an art about enjoyment, you know. It needs, above all else, the ability to enjoy with a carefree mind, with a reckless disregard of what anyone may think, least of all yourself!

You can never enjoy yourself in the real sense of the word if you are going to worry about time, money, to-morrow, or any other of the things with which we mostly concern ourselves.

You can never really enjoy yourself unless you plunge headfirst into whatever form your enjoyment is to take and *wallow* in it, wallow in it without a thought in the world except that this is *it* and you're going to have all there is while it lasts!

To do this every now and again is not only to give zest to life; it is to give it balance as well.

Sir Edward Mellanby,

Secretary, Medical Research Council

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—There may be some need for a test, such as you urge, for everybody starting work. It is suggested that the test for mental age and industrial capacity will enable employers to fit people into their right jobs from the beginning.

But the proposal is not so simple as the report of the Industrial Research Board of your Council would make out. Surely desire to learn a particular trade or enter a particular profession cannot be ignored? To put a youngster against his or her will into a certain job is merely to create ill-will, and in the end produce a dissatisfied worker.

Yet there is little doubt that many square pegs in round holes to-day would be more contented had they had the benefit of a test as you outline.—JOHN BULL.

Marshal Stalin,

Supreme Commander, The Red Army

DEAR MARSHAL STALIN,—No one man, it was once thought, could handle and co-ordinate such staggering military might as you assembled on the Eastern Front before beginning the devastating offensive that carried the Russian armies to the borders of the Reich.

You have. It does not detract from your great achievement that you have at your command a man-power far larger than has Britain, and that difficulties of communication and supplies may prevent you from reaching Berlin in a single leap.

Words cannot express my praise and admiration for you, your generals, your soldiers, and for the workers behind them. I can only hazard a hope that, before the dust of summer is stirred, the efforts of yourself and of the Western Powers will result in a common and deserved victory.—JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN MAJOR—ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

The craziest job of the war—that is what you will probably say after reading this highly diverting account of a British officer's task in the turmoil of house-lacking Brussels. It is written by JANE EARL, a newspaper woman from Toronto who is at present with the "Montreal Standard." She arrived in Britain last October and left the following month for Brussels and Paris

THE DEAR OLD LADY nipped briskly into the Town Major's office without the formality of an announcement. In one hand, she lugged an enormous wicker shopping basket; in the other, a black umbrella which she had hooked into the belt of a cowed boy stumbling behind her. She released him long enough to rap smartly on the Major's desk.

"Here I am wasting my time again," she snapped. "It took me all morning to round this one up. When are you people getting down to business? This is the fourth I've brought in here. Now you look after this fellow. I've a busy day ahead."

Whereupon she swooped out of the office, leaving in the Major's care a "refugee" German soldier, who was wilting in his tracks with terror.

Incidents like this make E. Thistleton Smith, Town Major of Brussels, wonder if, after the war, he shouldn't go into the book-writing business. As the man charged with billeting thousands of military personnel in the city, he feels he deserves some vindication for his unrelenting persecution.

It isn't only for office space or billets that hundreds force their way into the Town Major's seething quarters.

The other day, a Belgian of undeniable influence, called with a letter which the Major was requested to deliver to its proper destination. It was addressed to His Majesty King George the Third of England.

The writer, unaware of any error, begged his Majesty to assume personal control of Belgium. The Major despatched the letter, and hoped the matter would end there. But now the Belgian is calling up to see when he can "reasonably" expect a reply.

Wanted for a Wedding

In between these crazy moments, the Major gets on with the job of squeezing a few thousands more into a city already bursting with Allied Forces. Occasionally he has time to remember that back in Dereham, Norfolk, he has a wife, three small daughters and a two-year-old son.

The Major wears the flash of the Royal Norfolk Regiment. Long before this war he was in the Territorials. For a year, in England, he commanded the Young Soldiers' Battalion—boys of seventeen and eighteen. "We had everything from Eton to Borstal," he recalls, "I was a glorified schoolmaster."

The insistent ring of the telephone interrupts his reminiscing.

"I've got a nice young couple here, both in uniform, who want to get married," says the voice of a worried padre. "I'm ready for the marriage service, we've the ring, the best man and all that sort of thing. But frankly, old man, we haven't a bedroom. Could you do something?"

"I shall be glad," the Major replies gallantly, "to contribute a bedroom."

And he does.

Even the mailbag, full of stereotyped Army communications, has become spiced with anonymous notes.

He studies one that has no signature. It says: "I wish to expose a public scandal. If you'll take the trouble to go to 12, Rue ——, and looked into Madame de B——'s garbage cans, you'll find empty N.A.A.F.I. meat tins."

To play safe, no paper is ever dropped in the wastebasket. These letters are funnelled through the Town Major's office to other departments for inquiry or filing.

It takes a staff of fifty-three—twelve officers, seventeen clerks and twenty-four civilians—to handle the details They work in an enormous mansion whose rococco furnishings might make saner men wonder if this were a war or Madame Tussaud's.

Visitors gasp when they first see the opulence of the Major's suite. But surprised exclamations get short shrift from the sergeant on guard.

"It may be lavish, but there's only one bathroom," he raps out, "and even then we have to carry the water up three flights."

This bizarre establishment was in keeping with the confusion Major Smith inherited when he took over as Town Major of Brussels.

The Germans had left a list of 8,000 addresses covering requisitioned property.. British Army personnel who hoped to take advantage of the enemy's organisation were disappointed. Some addresses turned out to be merely stables or single rooms.

"The Boche doesn't billet on our scheme," Major Smith explains.

Four Hundred Pepper Pots

In the first weeks, anyone wanting to set up shop was handed the 8,000 addresses and told to take his pick. As a result, second lieutenants luxuriated in hotel bridal suites while the advance guard of the British Embassy found itself in a suspiciously squalid establishment.

First-comers cannily took twice as much space as circumstances actually warranted.

"Now Brussels is filled," says Thistleton Smith, "and with a thousand and one people arriving late, we have to persuade the first crowd to shove over."

Since September, thousands of new apartments, hotels, schools, and large houses have been requisitioned by the Army. But still the need grows.

On occasion, the Major played detective—with success. A salesgirl from Au Bon Marché, a department store, came into the office weeping bitterly. She had sold 400 pepper pots to a British officer for one franc instead of 10 francs. The officer had paid 400 francs instead of 4,000, and the difference was to be deducted from her wages —2,500 francs a month—unless the Town Major came to the rescue.

The girl couldn't remember the man's unit or insignia. She couldn't even describe him. The Town Major thought a bit, then put the story in the orders. Within two weeks the officer turned up to pay the bill.

More than once the Major has been sought out by inventive geniuses who are convinced they have discovered a secret weapon to win the war. What these interviews have to do with allocating car-parks, setting up hostels or billeting E.N.S.A. artists, he doesn't know, but at least they give an unusual turn to a day's work. Seldom is anyone turned away.

One inventor brought along voluminous plans of a device to end the V2. His scheme called for a fast 'plane fitted out with a compressed air Westinghouse system.

"I tried to tell him this was used to make steam for locomotives, but he didn't believe me," the Major remarks.

According to the plan, the 'plane had to catch up with the rocket bomb (which travels around 2,000 miles an hour) and blast it with a jet of air. If the system worked, the rocket would "circle until it got tired," then glide gently and harmlessly to earth.

The inventor pressed the Major to sponsor his brain-child.

"I passed him along to a higher authority," the Major will tell you with a gleam in his eye.

The language makes its own problems in Belgium, where both French and Flemish are spoken. The Town Major finds himself having to understand every variety of accent as well as slang and unusual "trade" terms.

Some people look on him as a cure-all. They even ask him to find lost dogs, or to quieten the man on the next floor who spends most of the night quarrelling with his wife.

Day in, day out, the procession has no end, the 'phone never stops ringing. But the Town Major breasts it all with a sort of dogged determination.

"I feel like a colossal house agent," he remarks. "But at least I don't have to contend with the rent."

The band played gaily when this street in Brussels was renamed the General Eisenhower Avenue. But the Town Major also deserves a fanfare of trumpets

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ON POLITICS BEHIND THE SCENES

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS is, indeed, a friendly place. Often, its debates are heated and bitter. But, a few minutes later, lifelong opponents meet on terms of comradeship.

Scarcely had Anthony Eden replied, in the discussion on the Greek blundering, to the violence of Aneurin Bevan's attack on "Churchill, the swashbuckler"—than the two talked like old friends.

Soon, the smoking-room was buzzing with the repetition of what Eden told Bevan about what happened while he was indicting the Prime Minister.

Bevin *v.* Bevan

Quintin Hogg, if you remember, had cynically assailed Churchill's opponents on the Left, meaning Bevan in particular. Replying that he was not to be distracted from his main purpose of criticism of the Premier, Aneurin said: "To draw a simile from the fauna of the Mediterranean, why should I deal with shrimps when I have a John Dory on my plate?"

Bevin—prawn or pawn?

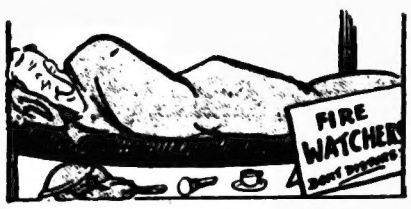
Before the laughter had subsided, Ernest Bevin, whose bulk has often created merriment, looked down at his stomach and said to Eden, "They can't call me a shrimp. But I might be a prawn."

Aneurin, told this by Eden, asked if he had said "prawn" or "pawn."

Walter Citrine, Patriot

FEW PEOPLE REALISE the great work done for the nation, ever since the war started, by Sir Walter Citrine. Once an electrician who worked on the building of the biggest amusement centre in Douglas, he is now not only the world's greatest encyclopædia of knowledge about trade unions, but a remarkable negotiator, and a man whose marvellous memory is checked by notes which he makes in shorthand, of all his conversations.

The moment war broke out, he had a lion's share in the placing of all British labour at the nation's disposal. Without him and Ernest Bevin, there might have been a calamitous muddle. Citrine went



Citrine—exemplary citizen

to Russia for the Government, when Moscow was expected to fall, travelling for nights in a crowded train to the temporary capital. His industry and patience there were ceaseless. He has flown to America to try and unify union effort. Now, with two world conferences on his hands, he has flown to Greece.

The Fire-Watcher

When, some months back, I met him at lunch, I said, "Walter, you look very tired."

"I was fire-watching last night," he said.

"Why on earth do you waste your time, after all your other labours, on that?' I asked.

"I must show an example," he replied.

During the General Strike, the Walter Citrines and the Ernest Bevins were among those whom Churchill denounced as the nation's enemies. Now, they emerge as great patriots.

A Secret List of Patriots

I can now disclose that on the eve of his departure for Greece, Sir Walter Citrine received from a Greek friend of mine a list of the real, and not the bogus, trade union leaders whom he should try and see. Only by doing so, declared my informant, could the facts of E.A.M. and E.L.A.S. be discovered by him.

"Mind you," said my friend, "if Sir Walter wants to see the real people, he will find that most of them are in prison." Will he be allowed to visit them? We must now trust to his persistence.

Did Churchill Dictate?

I cannot refrain, because of the mysterious suppression of it by nearly all the newspapers, from quoting the most important part of the attack on our Athens policy.

Aneurin Bevan declared that Whitehall had issued so far back as August, this circular to all services concerned with Greek affairs:

"The Prime Minister has ruled that in principle no credit of any kind is to be given to E.L.A.S. or E.A.M. on the B.B.C. In any case, where it is thought desirable to make exception his personal approval should first be obtained. The instruction has been given to Cairo and will apply to British official communiqués and hand-outs."

Why did not the Foreign Secretary reply to this statement?

Who was the B.B.C official who, indignant over a dictator-like ruling, gave away the secret?

For days, the B.B.C. repeated stories about the seizing, by E.L.A.S., of "hostages" and talked of "atrocities."

All the time, it could give only one side!

Nearly "King Esmond"

I ALWAYS WONDER, whenever I see Lord Rothermere — the "Esmond," by which he is known, distinguishes him from his better-known father—what on earth he now thinks of Hungary.

For to-day she is conquered by Russia, ordered to pay £75,000,000 in six years and forced to hand over all arms and equipment. And, but for the fact that, in 1928, his father refused to accept the crown, he might have been King of Hungary when war was forced on her!

Anthony Hope and Elinor Glyn wrote romances about lands in the Near East. He could have been "King Esmond," and lived one.

It is almost forgotten now, but Lord Derby is credited with having refused, many years ago, the throne of Greece!

Lord Rothermere's father so boldly espoused the cause of Hungary after her dismemberment—this was one of the harsh results of the Peace Conference—that the country wanted him to be her King. In 1928, when Esmond toured the Hungarian towns, he was received with adulation. All but the dying cheered him from the windows of the hospitals!

"You have been sent by God," shouted vociferous crowds!

He is Better Off, Though!

What on earth would have happened if the first Viscount Rothermere had ruled Hungary? Pro-Hitler though he was for a time, he was intensely British. Almost certainly, he would have soon found that Nazism was a bitter foe of this country.

Could he have swayed her policy to make it more in line with our own? Would he have beaten the Iron Guard? Or would he have been swept aside ruthlessly, or forced to resign?

Certainly, though, Esmond is happier without a throne.

Elected by the Isle of Thanet when, at the age of twenty-one, he was the youngest M.P., he was a half-baked politician, hopeless when heckled. To-day, he addresses his fellow-peers on Civil Aviation with knowledge and assurance.

Tall, handsome and possessed of a kindly charm, what a figure he would have made under a crown!

Portrait of a Star

SID FIELD, the star of "Strike It Again," the revue to which George Black did not invite the critics, but wounded soldiers instead—"We, too, have our scars," said a cynical critic—used for publicity a brilliant sketch made of him by that painter-genius, Dame Laura Knight.

Sid Field is now by far the best actor among the comics. His characterisations are incisive and yet unforced.

And, as a person, he is really a fine fellow, with a love of practical

Sid Field by Dame Laura Knight

jokes. Never, though, do they offend or hurt. Sid's impersonation in the streets of a drunken man who takes off his boots while sitting on a kerb, but who walks away soberly when Authority arrives, has embarrassed more than one policeman.

Then there was the day he and Jack Taylor, the provincial producer, sat in Thurston's during a big billiards match and made "ignorant" remarks. . . .

WHAT LABOUR CAN DO

by ANEURIN BEVAN, M

ON the first of February, 1901, was the first Annual Conference of Labour Representation Committee. Later, the Committee matured into the Labour Party.

With the Labour Representation Committee the working classes entered politics as a self-conscious force—and they had come to stay.

From that point onwards to the present the impact of the workers upon the shaping of legislation—especially domestic legislation—has been decisive. In all their plans, the Tory and Liberal Parties had to reckon with the point of view of their working-class constituents.

To win votes, the Liberal and Tory candidates had to promise improvements in the lives of the ordinary people. The well-to-do resented what they considered was vulgar vote-catching and mass bribery.

The psychology of our ruling classes is peculiar in that respect. When they consult their own interests it seems quite decent and natural to them. When they have to consult the wishes of the masses it becomes bribery.

The trade unions had reached a considerable degree of strength before the Labour Party was born. Consequently, it was natural and inevitable that the young political Labour Party was dominated from the beginning by the workers' industrial organisations. This domination continues down to the present day. It is both a source of strength and of weakness.

Strength and Weakness

It is a source of strength because it links the Labour Party with industry and with an organised base, and provides it with money to counteract the otherwise overwhelming financial resources of the rich opponents. It is a source of weakness, because it makes the Labour Party too dependent on the fluctuating vitality of the trade unions.

When industry is in a bad way and unemployment is rife, the bargaining position of the unions is feeble and its policy necessarily cautious. Yet this is the very moment when political labour has its best opportunity—for dissatisfaction with social conditions is obviously the thing behind a Party pledged to change society. When industry is in good heart and employment easy to find the unions are strong and active. But then again, is not favourable soil for labour politics.

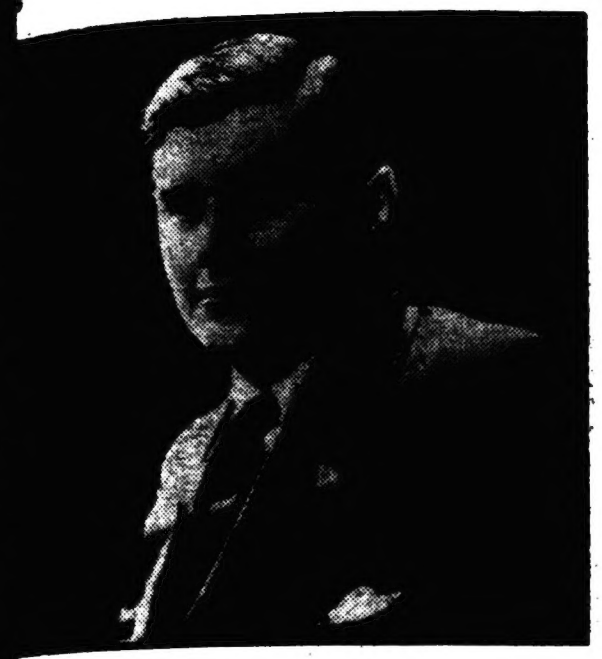
It would be disastrous for the Labour Party to break from the trade unions, as some bad counsellors suggest. On the other hand, a wider and deeper recognition by the trade unions of the political opportunities is essential if the Labour Party is to serve the country.

The emergence of the Labour Party as the authentic expression of the masses is now complete. It has invaded and occupied the territory in which the Liberal Party once reigned supreme. A more resilient policy by Labour would absorb the more radical elements of what remains of the Liberal Party, and allow the remainder to retire to the Tories, where they properly belong.

I have long believed, and I still believe, that Labour would be well advised to make itself the Coalition of the Left forces in the country. It can seize the political power which is now almost within its grasp.

It is useless to deplore, as many do, the alignment of British politics into Left and Right. Such a distribution of forces is an essential pre-requisite for the next phase. There are those who plead for a continuation of the Coalition after the war. The main purpose of most of them is to cheat the people of the power for which Labour has been preparing since that Conference in 1900.

One of the most subtle of their arguments is that Labour does not comprise the men



Bevan, most forceful critic in the House of Commons, urges a Coalition of the Left. In this article he deals frankly with Labour's strength and weakness—and finds reasons for confidence in the future

omen capable of forming a government to run e country.

Even on the most orthodox showing, there is othing in that. In 1940, when the country was ced with the greatest peril in its long history—peril brought upon us by the very Party which w has the impudence to claim superiority—it as to Labour men and to the Labour Movement e country had to turn to find the men and omen.

I have had my disagreements with them, and shall probably continue to do so. But, when all said and done, this much must be kept in mind. me of the highest offices in the nation have en occupied by men who received their educaon in the elementary schools, and their admintration will stand favourable comparison with nything the products of the public schools have roduced.

If the Labour Ministers are to blame at all, it not because of any intrinsic lack in them, but ther because they have sometimes been too ady to borrow the silly policies of our rulers, and ave not sufficiently insisted upon the adoption t heir own point of view.

The fact is, and the time has come to assert , no political party in Britain has ever served a nger or more complete apprenticeship in the rts of government and the intricacies of social dministration as the Labour Party. For almost alf a century Labour men and women have run he trade unions, have manned the local authoriies, the trades councils, large reaches of the Civil rvices, and served in the House of Commons.

An Army Without Rival

There resides in them an immense reservoir administrative experience ready to be tapped hen the opportunity offers. Thronging on their eels and displacing them in many, and beneficial stances, is the younger generation, now in the rvices, and emerging from the secondary schools nd Universities. It is an army of talent and apacity the Tories cannot rival, let alone surpass.

They are splendidly equipped for the tasks hich lie ahead. But they will face up to them, ot only if they employ their brains, but if they lso realise that one of the most important quali-es for government is courage and self-confi-ence. It is this self-confidence that the sneers f the ruling class are determined to undermine.

If they need moral reinforcement, let them lance back to that small group of men who met 1901 to begin the march to where we have now eached. From that view they will gather courage o bring to Great Britain and to the men and omen of Britain the full and rich life proffered y modern science and so far denied by selfish and olish policies.

"Mountain Eagles" Swoop Into Action

British troops move over Europe's snow-covered battlefields on skis, equipped for mountain warfare in mid-winter

THE STEEP SLOPES of the Vosges mountains looked treacherously peaceful under a thick blanket of snow. Suddenly a white cloud, skimming the surface of the ground, emerged from the fringe of a wood and moved rapidly towards the German lines.

As it passed an enemy pill-box, the "cloud" discharged three hand grenades which exploded before startled Wehrmacht gunners realised what had happened.

An Allied ski patrol, enveloped in its own flying snow, had charged them at a speed of over forty miles per hour. As the icy air reverberated from the explosions, the patrol had already executed a spectacular turn and disappeared, leaving behind nothing but a triple line of parallel ski tracks.

Commandos in White

Incidents like that grim encounters in a strange, ghost-like warfare, occur daily now on the winter fronts both in the East and the West.

Years of preparation, about which little is generally known, have gone to building up a British force of winter warfare experts, skilled ski-borne mountain troops. Covered in what look like clumsy white sheets, they move silently and fast.

On difficult ground they seem to fly. They can stop within a few yards, turn and twist—and yet shoot to kill.

These British mountain commandos are already as proud of their nickname, the "Mountain Eagles," as the "Desert Rats" were of theirs. And they are out to emulate any previous performance of endurance, skill and heroism.

The British High Command knew full well that this war would only reach a victorious conclusion if specially trained units were able to match the Nazi Alpine Divisions. They required well-trained mountain and ski troops which would be able to fight on equal terms with men born in the mountain ranges round Germany, because they knew that we must eventually penetrate these.

Looking at the maps of Hitler's "Inner Fortresses," they saw the Austrian Alps in the South, the possibility of winter warfare in Norway, and the snowy areas of the Black Forest. They even contemplated the Bavarian Alps, among the peaks of which our men might be called upon to ferret out Hitler from his mountain fastness at Berchtesgaden.

Ski School

It was a difficult proposition for men born in Britain where deep snow is rare and short lived. For Britons look on skiing as an elite sport practised only by the few who, in peace-time, could afford a holiday in Switzerland or the other fashionable winter resorts.

So, over three years ago, the far-seeing military leaders founded a ski school where a multitude of men were prepared for the inevitable tasks ahead.

To fight among snow-clad mountain peaks fine physical specimens of men were needed. They were found among British troops serving in a hundred different units. From everywhere men volunteered enthusiastically for training. It all started on snowy slopes in the Lebanon, among the cedar trees of the district in which Solomon once built his temple. There the Middle East Ski School came into being. First it devoted all its energies to the training of a large number of instructors so that they could then set out to develop a whole "white army" for Britain.

To-day there are tens of thousands of British soldiers who are familiar with the complicated technique of snow and mountain warfare.

They can build "igloos," the huts and shelters of snow in which hitherto only eskimos lived. They can perform complicated turns and "stops," which enable them instantly to break their forty-miles-an-hour speed. They can carry weapons and supplies on their strong shoulders as they glide over the snow.

They have learned to live in a white desert, and they have studied the technique of snow-camouflage which is so different from that practised by regular commandos.

Their leader was Major J. Riddel, known to thousands as a British Olympic Champion. He has not only mastered the winter elements, but knows most of the territory in which British troops will be called upon to use their skill.

He has taught a thousand and more men how to see and guard against obstacles which, in the desolate white landscape, disappear only to become treacherous traps.

Lonely Patrols

From him they have learned how to protect themselves against the intense cold, how to carry on with emergency rations which must not only feed them but maintain physical warmth. They know how to retain the agility of limbs exposed to freezing temperatures.

In pairs or threes British ski patrols set out on long, lonely marches in which only their compasses guide them. They cross snow-covered tracts in which ordinary men would be lost like the wanderer in the desert.

They carry, apart from their weapons, ice-picks for climbing frozen rocks, and ropes to save them from falling into the gorges and ravines which threaten their lives at every step.

They now know how to combat wind and to judge sound, which assumes such different proportions in the unfamiliar world of mountains.

British mountain and ski troops have also learned the art of unselfish mutual support. Nowhere else does the life of one man depend so much on the skill and care of his comrades. And nowhere else do the lives of a whole unit depend so much on the skill and care of the single individual as in these mountain brigades. Their slogan must be "One for all and all for one."

It is a nerve-racking experience, this winter warfare. Even rest is dangerous, for frost is a deadly enemy of sleeping men. On the move, the treacherous, invisible ground demands constant concentration. In action, every little snow-hill may hide an enemy—and the enemy may be as skilled and dangerous as these men themselves set out to be.

Communications are difficult. Men of a ski patrol, setting out on a lonely reconnaissance in the white desert, know that they stand or fall by their own resources and powers of resistance. There is no lonelier world than that of a wide, white winter landscape!

Security prevents the stories of these ski units in action from receiving much mention. But in this late and grim winter, when the Continental temperature is still not at its lowest levels, when the high altitudes of Europe are still expecting the peak of the frost, more massed actions by British mountain commandos must ensue.

Three Months' Ice

The days are fast approaching when our Eighth Army men who have mastered the desert will have chased Kesselring's legions towards the Brenner which, for the next three months will be one mass of snow and ice.

And you will find the "Desert Rats" not unprepared for the tasks that await them when they set out to cross the Alps in a final attack on Austria.

They have learned how to look after their "wooden feet," the specially designed combat skis, or the "snow-shoes" which look like crude tennis rackets but which prevent men from sinking neck-deep into the snow.

A bigger surprise, perhaps, awaits the enemy who had made much play in previous years of the special winter troops which he sent to Norway, to Finland and to Russia.

Then the Nazis boasted that the Allies would never be able to catch up with the technical achievements which had made successful German winter warfare possible.

But the Allies have caught up. Before many weeks are up we may hear of army vehicles and even 'planes on skis, on tanks specially equipped to break through the snow, of men who have learned the art to handle their weapons in the unusual conditions of ice and snow.

But let me add one word from my own Continental experience of mountains and snow and ice. Where Allied winter troops will fight the cold, though intense, may not inflict such hardships on them as you would expect. A strong sun often warms the air even if it does not melt the snow.

Tanned Skins!

And you should not be surprised to see ski-troops abandoning their warm winter clothing, even if the landscape in which they move appears to be a frozen desert. When I met British mountain troops on leave from training their skin was tanned as if they had lived in tropical climate.

They felt strong and invigorated by the air of the mountains in which they move.

And before many weeks are over we may hear of their battles, of their achievements, and of the results which years of silent, secret training have produced.

Our "Mountain Eagles" are swooping into action. When they have fought their battles, when the snow melts and they can take off their skis and white camouflage capes, it will be summer—and, perhaps, peace.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

My Private Rogues' Gallery

The Well-Connected Anarchist

There's something endearing about the fantastic self-confidence of a self-confessed anarchist . . . !

by

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

He held the 'phone so that I could hear what was being said at the other end.

"I KNEW a rogue once," Robin Ritchie said. "At least, I think he was a rogue. I never found out for sure."

"What was his name?" I asked. "Or did you never find that out either?"

"His name was Dolan, Terence Dolan. At least that was what he said it was."

"How'd you meet him?" I said. "Let's have the whole story."

I met him in a bookshop (*Ritchie told me*), a Communist bookshop. No, it was an anarchist bookshop, come to think of it. He was a great, big, fat chap, rather like an egg to look at. Bald as one, too. He wore a green suit and a green porkpie hat with feathers tucked in the band.

"How'd you know he was bald if he had on a hat?" I asked.

"Because he took it off later to scratch his head. Don't interrupt so much."

"Sorry," I said.

He had a very thick, military-looking moustache. The woman he was talking to, who ran the bookshop, had a moustache, too, for that matter.

"Which of them had the thickest moustache?" I interposed.

"He had. Are you going to let me get on with the story or not?"

"All right," I said. "I won't interrupt again."

Well I'd hardly had time to look round the shop when he spoke to me. "Ah!" he said in a great big booming voice, "A fellow-anarchist, what?"

"No," I said; "I'm a poet."

"Comes to the same in the long run," he said. 'Bound to. Have you read this book?" It was Herbert Read's *To Hell with Culture.*

"The title's so good," he said. "I'm sure you'll agree."

"I haven't read it," I said.

"I'll send you a copy," he said. "As a wackaroo."

"As a what?"

"A wackaroo. A token sheep. You know, like the natives in Australia send to one another."

"I didn't know," I said. "Are you an Australian?"

"I am an Internationalist," he told me. "I am at home in all countries. But I started off life as an Irishman."

"How long did you remain one?" I asked

"Until the age of seven. After that I became a musical prodigy."

"Have you stopped being a musical prodigy now?"

"Lord, yes, ages ago. I've been a good many things in the meantime, though. I've been in the army, farmed in Australia, edited a magazine, and conducted a dance band in India. Just now I'm being an anarchist."

He turned to the woman with the moustache, and said: "Isn't that so?"

She smiled and nodded. He nodded, too, we all nodded. Then he said:

"I must trot along now; important engagement. Give me your name and address before I go, for the wackaroo" And he added: "We must have a spot of dinner together sometime."

I said I'd like to, and he left. When he'd gone, I asked the woman in the bookshop about him, but she didn't know much. Only that his name was Dolan, that he was an anarchist and very well off.

I never expected to hear from him again, but next day sure enough the book rolled up. And inside it was written: "A wackaroo, or token sheep, from Patrick Dolan."

There was also a little note asking me to meet him in some bar and have dinner. I met him and he said we'd have dinner at his flat. We took a taxi and drove for miles.

His flat was enormous, and terrifically furnished.

He'd a queer load of books, Edgar Wallace and Gertrude Stein all mixed up together

The reproduction of a painting on the wall caught my eye. It was by Salvador Dali, and I'd seen it before somewhere.

"Ah," he said, "I see you're admiring my Dali."

I said: "It's cut out of *Vogue*, isn't it?"

"That's right," he said. "I cut it out because the lady who sat for the portrait is a great friend of mine."

Later on he mentioned the lady's name. It was an illustrious one. He mentioned several other people with illustrious names, all of them great friends of his. Then we had dinner.

This was a cold meal already set out in a large dining-room. There were no servants that I could see, and anarchism was not mentioned during the meal.

A few days after that, I happened to meet one of his great friends at a party, and said how much I'd enjoyed having dinner with Dolan.

She'd never heard of him. I described him carefully: this didn't ring a bell, either.

This began to make me think a bit. Then about a week later I had dinner with him again, this time at the Café Royal. I'd brought a magazine with me, a literary review, and he said at once: "I know the editor of that. Nice fellow. I was at Eton with him."

"Were you?" I said. "D'you ever see him nowadays?"

"Quite often. Talk of the devil, there he is over there," and he waved at a man with a beard, who certainly wasn't the editor. I happened to know the editor quite well myself, although I hadn't been at Eton with him.

Well, this was another eye-opener. However, I said nothing, and we went on with the meal. Halfway through it he said he wanted to make a 'phone call.

"I'd like you to come with me while I make it," he said. "It'll show you the kind of chap I am."

That was exactly what I wanted to find out, so I went into the 'phone-box with him and he asked for a toll call. After awhile it came through, and he said: "Mr. Patrick Dolan speaking. Is His Royal Highness at home?"

APPARENTLY His Royal Highness wasn't, because Dolan said: "Pity, that. Most disappointing. Is *Her* Royal Highness in?"

This time he held the 'phone so that I could hear what was being said at the other end.

A voice said, "No, Her Royal Highness was out with *His* Royal Highness."

Dolan gave me a look of triumph and said: "Well, when they come in, will you tell them that Mr. Patrick Dolan rang up, please?"

Again he held the 'phone out to me and I heard a voice say:

"Yes, Mr. Dolan, I'll give His Royal Highness your message."

Dolan nearly jumped for joy at that. He put down the 'phone and slapped me on the back.

"See?" he said. "That's the kind of fellow I am!"

"Yes," I cut in. "I suppose he knew the King as well?"

He'd claimed to have lunched at the Palace (*Ritchie said*), but he told me some members of the Royal Family approved of him because of his activities as an anarchist. Matter of fact, he was going down to stay with them shortly, he said.

I don't know whether he did or not, certainly I had letters from him postmarked Windsor, and once a postcard of Windsor Castle.

Then he came back full of royal anecdotes and said we must have dinner again at his flat. Or coffee. I think it was. Anyhow, we ended up at a totally different place, somewhere in Soho.

"But this isn't the same flat," I said.

HE LOOKED AT ME sharply and said: "I've lots of flats. This is only one of my many hide-outs."

He added: "One has to be careful when one's an anarchist."

"I suppose so," I said.

The new flat wasn't nearly as posh as the last one. There were lots of empty bottles scattered about, some canvases turned to the wall, and a huge pile of typescript on the table.

"Writing a book?" I asked him.

"No, no," he said. "Those are anarchist pamphlets for distribution in the States to keep the cause alive."

"What about these paintings?" I asked.

"Oh, they're presents from . . ." and out came the name of a celebrated painter.

"I suppose he's a great friend of yours," I said.

"Naturally. Known him for years."

"I'd like to meet him," I said. "Couldn't you introduce us one day?"

"Well," he said, "you know how it is. These famous people are such bores. To meet, I'm afraid you'd be disappointed."

"Ah," I said, "I thought something like that was coming."

You were right (*Ritchie said*). But then, when we'd finished having coffee, Dolan said: "Would you really like to meet that painter chappie?"

"Very much," I said.

"All right," he said. "We'll pop round to his studio. He's always in round about this time."

So out we blundered into the black out.

We got to the top of a pitch dark stairway and Dolan knocked on the door

and behold, it opened, and there was painter!

What's more, he greeted Dolan as a g-lost friend. Come in, come in; sit in, sit down; that sort of thing.

nd then the two of them got down a tremendous talk about Paris in the days. That shook me, rather. It an to look as though Dolan wasn't phoney after all.

nyhow, he and this painter were cerly pals. We had a pretty good even- and then Dolan said he had to get k. Expecting a very important one call, he said.

nd on the way down he said: "I 't know if I told you, Robin, but I'm ing to land a pretty hefty kind of in the Government soon."

Oh?" I said. "Isn't that against r principles? As an anarchist, I an."

Not at all," he said. "To be a really cient anarchist one has to have a foot both camps, you know."

nd he added: "Of course, this apntment of mine depends largely on at the P.M. says, naturally. But he I are on pretty good terms, so I'm ing it'll come off."

And did it?" I asked.

Ritchie said:

ll I can tell you is that I rang him at some Whitehall number he gave and his voice answered right enough. sked him if he'd got the job, and he d he had.

What kind of job is it?" I asked n, and he said: "I'm not allowed to you that."

fter that he disappeared for some ne, on this hush-hush work, apparly. He certainly seemed to get around ood bit; I got Token Sheep from all r the place.

He's back in London now, though; I him in Regent Street last week. He d a naval officer with him. I only saw naval officer's back view. Dolan will obably say it was the King!

Good Health

re You Seeing Things ?

LEPHARITIS IS INFLAMMATION of the eyelids, and is often accompanied sties, which are boils round the lashes. Sometimes glasses are eded, and a habit of rubbing the rained eyes introduces the infecn. Doctors mostly use ointments th M & B 760 to clear the infection

Pink eye, with pain, tears and hatred light, is commonly due to conjunctis. This is infectious, may be conred by towels, or caught from the eeze of a person with a cold. A little s usually collects in the corners of e eye. In mild cases, bathing with a ak solution of boracic and zinc phate clears it up.

But pink eye may be more serious. It y mean corneal ulcer, iritis, or ucoma; so it is as well to let an eye cialist see a red eye which does not well quickly.

Corneal ulcers appear as little whiteey spots on the clear front of the eye, ually with red streaks leading from em. In iritis, most of the redness is und the coloured part, and the actual lour seems duller, almost muddy.

In glaucoma, the cornea in front is longer shiny, but the whole eye oks steamy. The patient is middleed—often long-sighted—and sees loes round lights. The pupil is large, hereas in iritis it is small.

Both conditions urgently need an eye cialist to save the sight. As the eatment of iritis is highly dangerous use in glaucoma, accurate diagnosis essential.

Follicular conjunctivitis consists of ny boils inside the eyelids. It is inmsely painful, but clears up with & B 760, or, better still, penicillin.

DR. GREVILLE PARK.

These books make news

One Man Plans a New Jerusalem

If Clay Lowdermilk, American soil expert, has his way the ancients' dream will come true—the desert will blossom like the rose. Britain, too, could benefit greatly

WITHIN A FEW YEARS, the Tennessee Valley Authority in America transformed thousands of derelict acres into rich fertile land, increased incomes by 70 per cent., and produced electricity on a scale and at a price unknown in the world before.

Within a few years the war has reduced huge areas of Europe to ruin, wiped out anything resembling a standard of living, and thrown power production out of gear.

These two pictures are completely opposite. But they are also closely related. If we hope to rebuild Europe rapidly after the war, then the spark which inspired the T.V.A. will have to be multiplied in many parts of the world.

No Bureaucracy

In his book, *Palestine, Land of Promise*, just published by Gollancz, 4s. 6d., Walter Clay Lowdermilk shows us where we can begin.

Lowdermilk is a famous American soil expert, but this book is no dry analysis of sand, loam or clay. It is a book which comes very close to the man in the street in London and the Levant.

Lowdermilk's first plan concerns Palestine. Set going a Jordan Valley Authority on the lines of the T.V.A. and the Transjordan will give a full, prosperous life to another 4,000,000 people.

What are the lines of the T.V.A.? When Roosevelt first put the idea to Congress he called it ". . . a corporation clothed with the power of Government, but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of private enterprise."

It was so huge an undertaking that it could only be financed by the nation as a whole. The broad plan was conceived by experts, but carried out by the co-operative work of farmers and people living in the area. There was no heavy-handed bureaucracy. Responsibility was placed in the hands of the workers all the way down the scale.

By spraying anti-malaria poison, these Jewish women help to keep Palestine healthy

The project involved building twenty-one giant dams and realising the natural resources of a stretch of country which threatened to become derelict. Working individually the farmers had got nowhere. Working together, with a huge overall plan and national finance, they were more than successful

And now for Palestine. The valley of the Jordan seems a far cry from America, the T.V.A., and war-devastated Europe. But, again, the three things are closely connected.

The Jews have suffered worse than anyone in this war. To-day, in Europe, they are a broken, dispossessed remnant. Four million of these Jewish refugees will be able to find a new life in the Transjordan if Dr. Lowdermilk's J.V.A. plan is carried out, but two primary needs must be satisfied first of all—the need of water and power.

"Water is available in the flow of the Jordan and potential power is locked in the swift and turbulent descent of the river to the depth of the Dead Sea."

The waters of the Upper Jordan, the Yarmuk and Zerga would be diverted by canals to irrigate the arid lands of the Jordan Valley and its slopes. Three million acres can be treated in this way. That will provide the necessary water.

Power is a more complicated problem. It involves an open canal of seven miles from near Haifa to Mount Carmel, and then a twenty-mile tunnel through the plain of Esdraelon to the edge of the great chasm of the Jordan Valley.

He Studied on the Spot

This heavy fall of water and the irrigation schemes would produce enormous electrical power in the neighbourhood of 1,000,000,000 of kilowatt hours per year.

Everything is ripe for the execution of this vast plan as it may never be ripe again. Immediately after the war the surplus military equipment, from trucks and bulldozers to explosives and cement, will be ready for just this job, and ready on the spot.

In the same way 3,000,000 barren acres of the Negeb (Southern Palestine) can be transformed into fertile land capable of supporting hundreds of thousands of people. This would also come under the Jordan Valley Authority and use the T.V.A.'s methods of dams and irrigation.

Sir Edward Grigg, who has succeeded Lord Moyne as Minister Resident in the Middle East, pointed out in his first Press conference that three questions of world-wide interest to-day were civil aviation, oil, and the Palestine situation.

If you believe that a progressive background which gives a rising standard of living tends to overwhelm feuds and factions, then Dr. Lowdermilk has a brand-new solution to the Palestine problem. In any case, it has stimulating possibilities.

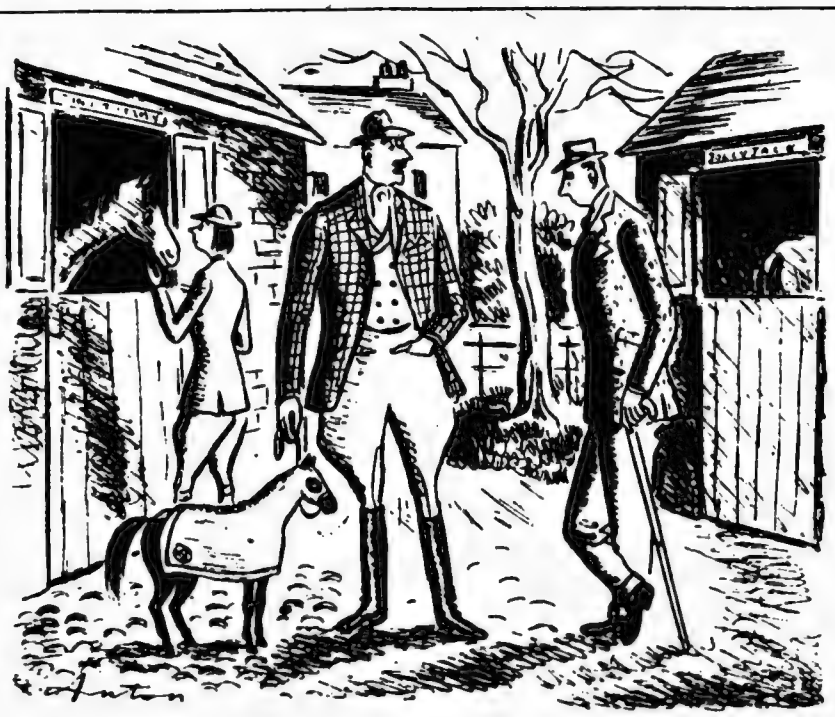
Lowdermilk spent a long time in Palestine examining the idea on the spot before he put forward this plan. He has not conceived a grandiose scheme and left the details to work themselves out. He has set down many of the necessary steps and they make convincing reading.

We Could Have It Here

The T.V.A. idea need not stop at Palestine. It is open to widespread development. In fact, it may be vital to the devastated areas of Europe. Wherever the power of big rivers or tides can be harnessed throughout Europe, Britain, China, India or America there is another T.V.A. in the making. We can use this instrument to tremendous purpose after the war.

By running a giant sea wall across Morecambe Bay and harnessing the power of the tides we could have a T.V.A. in Britain. It would create new industries, employ thousands of people and save our rapidly dwindling coal resources. But you need to read Lowdermilk's book to understand just how the T.V.A. idea can change the lives of millions of people.

VINCENT BROME.



"And I've entered this one for the Grand National, 1953"

Free Speech

Is Freedom Drifting Away?

When the Treasury wins. The comb racket continues. Overworking pit ponies. Seeing a fish rainfall. Suggestion for breaking bad news

AFTER READING YOUR grand Free Speech page and the letter about identity cards, my mates and I agree that we would not like them to stay after the war. Freedom is the working man's faithful star. I do not want to think that my son is fighting to be docketed for life. Nor do these fellows here beside me.

Our sons are not fighting for that. Already there are many bits of freedom missing that were not missing in our fathers' time. England, land of freedom, seems to be drifting slowly away.—Robert Polwarth, Johnnie Hart, James Blaylock, Jimmie Landers, Keith Balfour, John Lampton, Dick Bell, Ted Murray, Jos. Soulsby, Ed. Hutchinson, Ned Ross, Joe Lee, Sammy Stevenson, Billy Hindmarsh, E. Robson, all employed at Armstrong Whitworth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

As Doctor Joad might say, "It depends what you mean by Freedom." Someone once said that Freedom means "Being allowed to do what you like as long as your neighbours like what you do."—EDITOR.

Losing Both Ways

RAILWAY CLERKS are entitled to an annual holiday of twelve weekdays with pay. Last year, owing to shortage of relief staffs, thousands of them were able to have only six days.

Now the railway companies are giving them six days' pay in lieu of holiday. Unfortunately, practically half the money is taken off in income tax. What a lucky gift for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—R. W. TUCK, 14, Carleton Avenue, Wallington, Surrey.

"Weaknesses" Bring Poverty

TWO THINGS KEEP a working man poor—his daily smokes and drink of beer. If it weren't for these, the great majority of working men would be able to save money. It's grossly unfair that these two so-called "weaknesses" be sold at such heavy prices. It seems that the resultant poverty is deliberately desired by the privileged few who control our destinies.—J. BILLINGTON, 21, Kelvin Avenue, Sneyd Green, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Combs—Then and Now

MY GRANDDAUGHTER BOUGHT a comb from her workmate and it cost her 2s. 6d. Asked where it came from, the girl replied, "That's a secret." The same type of comb cost 6d. before the war.

Incidentally, I use a wire comb that cost 1s. sixty years ago and is still in good condition.—G. SHENTON, 30, The Crescent, Boney Hay, Chase Terrace, near Walsall, Staffs.

Gas Works?

IN HISTORY, WE'VE HAD Parliaments known as the Ignorant Parliament, the Long Parliament, the Barebones Parliament, and the Rump Parliament. I have no book at hand, but if my memory doesn't deceive me there was one called the Soap-nosed Parliament.

Will anyone dare to say by what nickname history will know our present Parliament?—J. PARR, 15, Adelaide Street, Platt Bridge, nr. Wigan, Lancs.

Where "John Bull" Gets Off

YOU CALL YOUR column Free Speech. It's just about as free as it might be in the Nazi *Angriff* or *Volkischer Beobachter*. While any crank with a grievance against the Communist Party is allowed to use your space, no word is ever printed from those saner people who realise that the aims of the Communist Party and the Labour Party rank-and-file are virtually identical

So long as your publication is devoted to slanging good, sincere, energetic workers, every reactionary in Britain can laugh. And does.—K. REED, 29, Brougham Street, Skipton, Yorks.

We'll print this reader's views with pleasure—providing he keeps them brief and calm.—EDITOR.

Double-Shift Ponies

WHEN A MINER ill-treats a pony he is heavily fined and every publicity given to the case. That is quite in order. But why is it nobody's business that ponies work double shifts from 3 a.m. to 5 p.m., sometimes without enough food and water?—"MINER," Northumberland. (Address supplied.)

. . . Not Too Much

IN YOUR "GOOD HEALTH" column Dr. Greville Park gives advice about rearing babies. My advice is: Take your baby to the nearest infant welfare centre.

When I first took my daughter to the welfare centre in Poplar I thought she was underfed. The doctor told me it was easier to kill a baby by over-feeding than by under-feeding and gave me every possible advice. Later, it made me shudder to think how many babies were being killed by kindness.—MRS. M. DOWER, 95, School Road, Dagenham, Essex.

Washing with Petrol

YOUR READER IN the Royal Corps of Signals complains that he was court-martialled for refusing to wash his vehicle with petrol.

Normally, washing vehicles with petrol is against all instructions owing to the waste it would entail of this precious fuel. But there are certain circumstances under which vehicles have to be washed in petrol as part of the waterproofing process.

No waterproof compound will "take" on an oily surface, and the most essential part of this sealing process is, therefore, the scrupulous cleanliness of the vehicle. The most minute spot of dirt or grease will cause the compound to peel—and then the vehicle would probably never get ashore.—MAJOR C. H. B., Virginia Water, Surrey.

Winning Sport

TOWARDS THE END of the last century a foreign revolutionary came to this country and failed to stir up trouble. The reason for his failure was, he said, we were "sport mad" instead of being ripe for revolution.

We were too much interested in games to bother about a social upheaval, and this gentleman thought it would take a century of propaganda to win the British over to "serious matters." Aren't we wise?—A. D. MACKIE, 100, Nicol Street, Kirkcaldy.

Fish without Queues

IN YOUR ISSUE OF September 30 you printed a letter purporting to explode the theory of it ever raining fish. It does. During a very heavy thunderstorm on August 26 it rained fish at a place called Wadi Seidna, a few miles from Khartoum, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. I was there.—L.A.C. W. H. NEEDHAM, Billet 207, R.A.F. Station, Ismailia, M.E.F.

War Effort?

I WAS ONCE a great admirer of a well-known music-hall act and also of a certain crooner. I now turn off my radio when their names are announced.

The reason? A Works Entertainment Committee wanted to put on a show for wounded soldiers. Oh, yes, the three artists would appear—at £30 for the double act, £50 for the singer.—S. STENTIFORD, 45, Western Street, Swansea.

She's a Great Trouper

OF ALL THE ACTORS and actresses who have done their bit in this war I put Beatrice Lillie at the top. Until she went to America recently she has done scarcely anything besides entertain the troops. I was in Africa when she did us a show a couple of years ago and I shall never forget her energy and unselfishness. That show was only one of hundreds performed during a 9,000-miles tour from Gibraltar, through North Africa, to Suez.

I read recently that when she arrived in New York a reporter asked her if she had ever been in the front line. She replied, "What else do you think London is?"—T. SIMPSON, Streatham, S.W.16.

A reader praises the war record of actress Beatrice Lillie

When Works Won't

ONE OF YOUR readers suggests making an alarm clock go by putting in castor-oil. If you put oil into any watch or clock without first taking it to pieces and cleaning every part the oil and dirt will mix and stop the works. Watch and clock repairers are the men to do such a job, not budding horologists.—HAROLD SHAPIRO, 294, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester.

Bringing Bad News

POLICEMEN AND telegraph messengers at the door can give most families a shock these days. Why not have bad news conveyed by the clergy? Their very appearance would soften the hardest blow.—MRS. R. J. DOHERTY, 33, Dundela Avenue, Belfast.

Cost of the Law

A FRIEND OF MINE, defendant in a County Court case, was awarded costs when the case was stopped. But the costs did not cover solicitors' and barristers' fees, which will go into double figures. Mr. Mullins, the magistrate, wrote recently that a claim for £20 in the County Court will probably involve the loser in costs of double that figure.

Surely it is time to extend the privilege of free legal assistance to all with incomes below £400 or £500 a year? Under the present system wealthy companies and corporations are favoured. To them costs are insignificant.—M. E. M., Cheltenham.

Up in Smoke

SINCE AUGUST I'VE HAD 3,700 cigarettes sent to me, but up to now I've only received 200. What I would like to know is, are our cigarettes being stolen the same as they were when we were in the Middle East? From all the cigarettes I had sent me out there, all I received, were 150, and they were sent by registered post.—Driver A. L. SHARP, T.175112, C. Platoon, 525 Coy., R.A.S.C. (Infantry Brigade), B.L.A.

Studious, Thwarted

I AM A STUDENT in a teachers' training college. It's essential that I should study certain books specified by the Board of Education. I cannot find them anywhere, yet I see many cheap, trashy books which should be pulped down. If you print this, will you sign my letter—"A DISHEARTENED STUDENT"?

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Your New Life

ELECTRONICS ON THE FARM

NOT ONLY IN the home, but also on the farm, the new science of electronics will do the dirty work of to-morrow.

It is fruit-picking time, and into the orchard moves a machine. Coming to rest beside the first tree, the machine reaches out flashing arms in rapid movements, picking each individual fruit with a sure touch and dropping it into a cavity.

As the machine strips the trees, its interior mechanism sorts and grades the fruit. It emerges in uniform sizes from different apertures.

The secret of this strange robot is its electronic "eye." Combined with the principles of television, it faultlessly picks out the coloured fruit from the green foliage and unerringly guides the multi-jointed arms and "hands."

It works many times faster than the most expert human picker, and damages the fruit less.

Another farm machine operated on the same principles, easily pushed by one man, could ferret out weeds as it moved between the rows of a growing crop. It would identify them by their difference in colour and size, and clean up acres of ground in a day.

H. H.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

MY USUAL WELL-UNINFORMED circles tell me about a wonderful new British tank which will easily knock out the German Royal Tiger. It will be christened the "Stokes" tank, in honour of Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P. Other models will have built-in cupboards, refrigerator. . . .

EDITOR: *Are you sure this is correct?*

FOX: *Oh, sorry. I was mixing it up with the latest Government prefabricated house called the "Non-existo."*

A number of unfortunate hitches have

Ration news for cannibals: Indian fakirs now on points

occurred in the production of the "Stokes" tank. It was planned by secret designers working secretly in a secret factory Somewhere in England.

After the Rundstedt break-through the tank was wanted. But the secret factory was so secret that only one man knew where it was. He had died of old age some weeks before.

AFTER A USELESS search among files covering everything from blanco to the housing of regimental pets, it was decided that the only hope of finding the factory was to call in Irma del Monico, the well-known spy. It turned out that she already knew where it was.

But the security arrangements were designed by Professor Weed, who had placed the factory in the middle of a maze. Originally the route had been indicated by a concealed strip of red tape. Now, however, this merely led into a blind alley.

The plans of the maze had been left in a taxi by a high Intelligence Officer, and no one could find his way through.

SO IRMA DEL MONICO was dropped by parachute into the factory, to find that the men inside did not know the way out and their canteen provisions were almost exhausted. A carrier pigeon, brought by Irma, was sent out, but the coded message was misinterpreted and only resulted in 500 bomb-damage repair men being equipped with tropical outfits and sent to the Arctic.

At last, inspired by a molehill on his lawn, a high official brought in the Royal Engineers to tunnel under the maze. On their release, Irma took charge of the tank plans, and, stopping only to get them photographed, rushed them in a high-powered car to Whitehall.

The first models of the new tank are expected to be ready in 1953.

COUPON DEALERS AND TOUTS IN FACTORIES

Continuing his investigation of Black Market scandals, WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner, describes vicious exploitation in some provincial factories

TWO VERY INTERESTING sequels followed my opening article in this series.

The first was the announcement, only a day or two after that article had appeared, that Mr. Herbert Morrison had decided on a strong course of action.

He had, the report continued, been carefully studying the Press and information from other sources.

The other sequel came a few days later. It was announced that the Board of Trade had opened a new inquiry in certain provincial towns, and that Scotland Yard experts were to be placed in greater numbers at the disposal of provincial police chiefs.

That is a fine start, anyway.

Now this week I want to tell you something of the widespread traffic in stolen or couponless goods that is going on in many of our biggest factories and warehouses.

During recent investigations in a Midlands town I was introduced to a woman who had grown rich quickly from Black Market speculations.

She is very deeply involved in the Black Market and is so open and brazen about her operations that I should have thought hers would have been an easy capture had a reasonably cautious police trap been laid.

I could have bought coupons from her—at 4s. each—by the dozen. She had whole books available at £4 apiece.

She had no idea she was talking to a journalist, and was extraordinarily frank about her illicit "business" operations.

Believing me to be a likely marketeer she completely unmasked herself during conversations I had with her.

Before the war she hadn't a bean. She was a widow, and in debt. She took a job in a factory, and, by hard work, became forewoman over 300 women and girls.

Easy Money without Risk

Temptation came through a telephone call she had one day from the supposed "father" of a worker who was said to be too ill to come to work.

Many Black Market stories read like fairy tales—the "father" was only a friend of the worker

And the worker, far from being ill, was a Black Market tout who had studied the forewoman's character, and had reported to crook superiors that she might be just the sort of person they wanted to sell stolen goods, without coupons.

She met the "father" and he told her what he wanted. He was an area agent for a Black Market syndicate, and it would pay her handsomely if she would buy goods from him and dispose of them among the workers.

She fell for it—in a small way at first.

Gradually she found herself making money with ease and little danger, and got deeper and deeper into the toils. Her bank balance rose steadily as the weeks passed. She grew more grasping.

Today she has several bank accounts—she told me so herself—and large numbers of war savings certificates issued in the names of her children.

As time went on she contacted employees in executive positions in other factories and made unsigned partnerships with them.

"Everybody's Doing It"

In two years, after paying all her bills and accounts and expenses, she had banked or otherwise saved £3,000 solely from Black Market sales to factory workers, and lived really well all the time.

"They'll pay anything for articles they want so long as coupons are not needed," she said. "After all, mere bits of kids are getting five and six pounds a week—money they don't know what to do with—so why not make 'em pay?"

Earrings, bought through a certain source at 2s. a pair, fetched 6s. 6d. at the works.

"Not worth sixpence in Woolworths," said the woman. "I sell them by the dozen."

Consignments of children's white kid shoes, bought at 7s. a pair, brought her 13s. 6d. a pair.

Fully fashioned stockings, consigned to her through her Black Market associates at 5s 9d. a pair, fetched 17s. a pair ("and I could have got more than that if I'd been greedier!").

Men's renovated boots, bought (repaired) at 8s. a pair, were resold, with ease, at 15s. 6d. a pair.

Rough frocks, made out of coupon-less dust cloth, had been disposed of at £2 each without coupons.

I tried to find out this woman's main sources of supply—she would not even give me a hint.

But she did tell me that she had to buy all her goods cash down, and then take the responsibility of selling them on the understanding that she would not reveal the name of her suppliers if there was trouble. Not that even possible arrest worried her.

"A fine—or p'raps three months—wouldn't hurt me," she said. "Before the war I was broke, now I can write out a cheque for three or four hundred without even missing it. Besides, everybody's doing it in factories to-day.

"In these parts batches of coupons can be bought easily. And, as those who buy from me are all 'in the swim,' they aren't likely to tell the 'splits' anything if they do come along."

Now, this woman was certainly exaggerating when she said that "everybody's doing it in factories to-day."

But it is no exaggeration when I say, from information obtained during my investigations in various parts of the country, that a very large number of people in executive positions in factories are trafficking—and on a very large scale in some cases—in Black Market goods.

Take razor blades. These are wholesaled at 6s. 6d. a gross. At the present time they are very scarce. So in Black Market circles they fetch 24s. and 26s. a gross!

Regular Illegal Sales

In one case, in which police investigations were recently made, blades really worth £600 are known to have made £2,400—if not more—through illicit sales.

In just over a month a Black Market leader, through agents representing him in an industrial North Country town, obtained £5,965 for fully fashioned stockings which had been stolen and were worth less than £1,000

Huddersfield police have lately had complaints about factory transactions of this kind. In one case recently they traced forty-four workers who *admitted* they had bought good-class shoes without coupons. The shoes had been stolen from a warehouse.

"We can get anything here, dear," a girl employed at one big factory said over the telephone to a friend a few weeks ago when arranging a little private deal. Unfortunately for her the telephone line was being "tapped," and she was questioned.

The police found that stockings, print and tunic shirts, vests, socks and rayon nightdresses had been sold systematically at this factory without coupons for months.

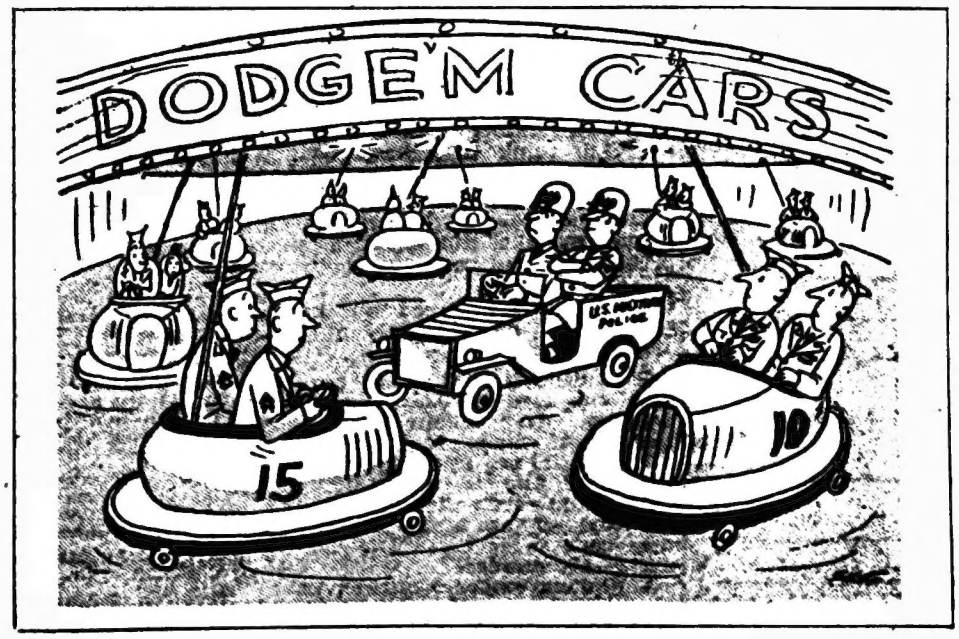
The factory "salesman" was punished, but the police are still trying to trace the real master-man who, from well behind the scenes, and through a labyrinth of agencies, was keeping up the supplies.

Officials estimate, on the somewhat vague evidence before them—for most of these big non-coupon-sales rackets in factories go undetected—that at least a million and a half pounds reach Black Market chiefs through "clients" in factories every year.

Yet the whole business could be stopped quite simply.

Send all but unwitting agents to prison instead of inflicting silly and piffling fines upon them. And make the sentence heavier if they will not say for whom they are working.

NEXT WEEK:
HOW TO STOP IT.



Mother's Prize Cheque Has Work To Do

WHAT she could do with a First Prize cheque is no longer a day-dream for Mrs. H. Thompson, Brade Street, Broughton-in-Furness. Just as *she* has worked for her son and little girl, so will her £100 won in *Bullets* 1,458—it's in War Savings!

If you are this week's chief winner, your prize-money will be £200. Twice as much as Mrs. Thompson's, but just as easy to find a job for . . .

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES

£200 FIRST PRIZE

OTHERS: £20, £10, £5, £4, £3, 6 of £2

50 DELICIOUS FRUIT CAKES

1,500 NEW MERIT AWARDS

HOW TO WIN

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's First Prize.

Use these "Examples"

BUILDERS OF BRITAIN
MONTY'S METHOD
RUSSIAN AVALANCHE
SACRED SOIL
WHILE THE GUNS ROAR
BROTHERLY LOVE
PAINFUL LESSON
SONNY'S ON LEAVE, SO
SHOULDERING THE BURDEN
HAD BETTER BE GOOD
ALMOST BURSTING
HE DID HIS DUTY AND
ON TOP
IF MOTHER DOWNED TOOLS
HEARTBREAKING
BELLE OF THE VILLAGE
IT SEEMS SENSELESS, BUT
IN HIS OLD AGE
FREE OF TAX
MAKES OUR FLESH CREEP

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

PENALTY OF.....

SOMEONE WHO.....

ALL THROUGH THE.....

GOOD FOR A.....

NOT TOO.....

FOLLOWING FATHER'S.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,464, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ENTER ON COUPON BELOW —POST BY MON., FEB. 12.

£250 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,460

W. H. DORMER, 35, DOVEHOUSE FIELDS, LICHFIELD, STAFFS.

ON TO THE SCRAP-HEAP "PATCHED" MUSTN'T BE PITCHED

£20: Miss M. W. McGladdery, 129, High St., Maryport.
To Make Peace—Lasting, Abide By "Word."

£10: W. Price, 44, Vernon Avenue, Wilford.
Programme For 1945—See Zeal Is "Unbroken"!

10 at £5:

D. Bennett, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
Bill For Germany — Whopper — First, Whip Her!

Miss M. L. Benn, 183, Brodie Avenue, Liverpool.
Programme For 1945—Back Lads! Lads Back?

W. B. Courtney, 12, Norbury Court Road, S.W.16.
For The Good Of All—Ants Co-operate—Can't "Giants"?

E. Henry, 5, Church Walk, Peterborough.
Man Who's Missing—"Sparkling Eyes," Hitting "Mikado."

H. H. Marshall, 13, Highclere Road, Southampton.
Mud—"Wrapping" Greengrocer's Liberal With.

Miss J. Moss, 2, Delph Street, Leeds.
Eisenhower's Difficulties—Simple—To Armchair Simpletons!

J. W. Protheroe, 11, Broughton Road, Leicester.
All The Restrictions—Maddening? All Aren't Madness.

F. Senior, 19, Withnell Road, Manchester.
Mud—That Does "Scraping," Taxpayer!

J. B. Shilvock, 13, Leswell Street, Kidderminster.
In Came The Train And—Station Buffet Closed Immediately!

E. E. Wiggle, 7, Powel Street, Abertillery.
On To The Scrap-heap—Prudery's Gone—Modesty Going?

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

£50 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 412

WINNING WORDS: 1. Topers. 2. Park. 3. Lost. 4. Dress. 5. Wader. 6. Grave. 7. Slaps. 8. Bet. 9. Nines. 10. Sick. 11. Bill. 12. Time. 13. Scamps. 14. Dams or Daws.

OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. M. Walker, 73, The Crescent, Blackpool. 41 Runners-up Awards, including Cakes.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—An entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated March 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets."

2 FREE BULLETS

For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,464

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

For FEB. 24 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

TEACHERS MUST HAVE UNDERSTANDING

He's worried about eyesight. Argument about evidence. A soldier's despair about long service overseas

"I WON A SCHOLARSHIP at eleven and entered a secondary school, but my parents had a financial set-back and I had to leave before I matriculated. I got a job with the firm which still employs me, and in 1939 I became head of the department.

"But I should very much like to take up teaching as a career, and under this new Act there seems to be an opportunity of doing so. Can I apply now, or must I wait until the end of the war?"

Three buildings have been earmarked for training colleges—two for women, one for men. They should open about next Easter. If you are employed with a firm doing essential war work you will have to wait till after the war. Priority is given to men discharged from the Services.

What the selection committee wants to know is not so much what exams you have passed, but whether you are really cut out for handling children. The man who wants to "boss" them will be rejected for the man who is happy with them and understands their point of view.

"AS I AM WELL on in the fifties I suppose it is only natural that I should be showing signs of 'wear and tear.' My hearing is as good as ever it was, but my eyesight lets me down occasionally. I am told I ought to wear glasses.

"But a friend of mine tells me glasses are a mistake. It is possible to improve the sight by doing exercises. I believe that Aldous Huxley cured his eyesight troubles in this way and wrote a book about the method.

"I should be grateful if you would give me any details you can."

You should be able to borrow Aldous Huxley's book, "The Art of Seeing," from a public library. Its method is based upon exercises—palming, shifting, swinging, and so forth—devised by Dr. W. H. Bates. The exercises are described in detail in "Better Sight Without Glasses," by Harry Benjamin (Health For All Publishing Co.), obtainable through booksellers, price 5s.

Though I cannot give an authoritative opinion, I do know people who used spectacles for years and later on discarded them with success after doing exercises.

"WHICH IS THE MORE important in a trial—direct evidence or circumstantial? Most of us in our club think that direct evidence from people who actually witnessed the crime is good enough to convict, but circumstantial evidence can only suggest probability and may be quite false.

"But there are one or two members who think circumstantial evidence matters most."

It all depends on the case. Suppose four men are playing cards together. "C" trumps his partner's trick, whereupon "A" kills him! There are two witnesses of the crime, and one might think that would settle the case. But "A" and "B" are bosom pals, and they both swear that "D" committed the murder!

Your direct evidence will convict the wrong man. It is quite possible that circumstantial evidence will save him. The illustration is absurd, of course, but it is useful to show just where so-called direct evidence fails.

"I FEEL I MUST write to someone to relieve my pent-up feelings. For the last few weeks I have been getting letters from my wife which have a worrying effect on both of us.

"I have been overseas since 1942. One of her letters says: 'Three years is too long for any married man to be away from home. Do the authorities think we are made of stone? If I were to go wrong you could get compassionate posting near home so as to keep an eye on me. I think I ought to be able to seek a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty and desertion! Surely the men who are fighting for the future generation have the right to father it?'

"We have one child, but my wife does not like the idea of too big a gap before the next one comes along. Don't you think something should be done about a case like ours? There are thousands more like me, but that makes matters worse rather than better."

The war has imposed an unnatural life on hundreds of thousands of young people. Sympathising does not make it any easier for them. The wife's letter is a cry from the heart—a cry for motherhood and the companionship of a mate.

The War Office recognises the problem and has started to grant leaves, but it can deal with only a small fraction of the cases. The blame rests with the nation that forced the conflict upon the world.

Right to Appeal

A. S., Streatham: A single woman who has attained the age of forty-one is not obliged to obtain employment through the Ministry of Labour and National Service. If, however, the employment she finds herself is scheduled under the Undertakings (Restriction on Engagement) Order, she cannot start work unless the local employment exchange issues an introduction card. The National Service Officer has power under Regulation 58A of the Defence (General) Regulations to direct a woman of forty-one years of age into employment, but there is a right of appeal to the local Appeal Board.

J. B., Southampton, and others: You have misunderstood the reply in our issue of December 23. This said that a married disabled ex-Serviceman can earn up to £156 before paying any income tax. His personal allowance is £140 as for any other married man. The point is that, as his pension is exempt, the allowances are not reduced because of the pension. All other pensions are liable to income tax and have the effect of reducing the personal allowance available to be deducted from earnings below £140. The £156 referred to above includes the earned income allowance of one-tenth of earnings, which is taken into account in the tax tables, and therefore is not shown on the notice of coding.

D. W., Hersham: There is no question of a man needing to have a secondary school education in order to be accepted "for any regiment other than the Infantry." He does, however, have to pass certain educational tests. Perhaps it was suggested to your son that if he had not had a secondary school education he was not likely to be up to the standard required.

A. S., Hanwell: The Ministry of Food has made every effort to secure an equitable distribution of oranges and sufficient supplies are sent to each area for its requirements. The Ministry cannot, however, ensure that consumers will be able to get their share from any particular retailer. Any evidence that retailers are actually discriminating unfairly between customers should be reported to the local Food Office, which will take immediate action. The possibility of distributing oranges through schools has been carefully considered, but it has been decided that it would not be practicable as they have not the staff nor the facilities for storing and weighing. Further, it is felt that it would be unfair to retail fruiterers to deprive them of this part of their trade.

E. L., Sheffield: If your sister works under your control and supervision, and you pay her wages and have a right to terminate her services when desired, she is apparently insurable for National Health and Unemployment Insurance. It is advisable, however, to apply to the local Employment Exchange or the nearest Ministry of Health Inspector (address from your local post office) for a formal decision as to her insurability.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Good one may not be quite good enough—TEN□ER. 2. Many people shudder at the thought of going over this—BRIN□. 3. Occasionally acts as a tonic—LA□K. 4. Should make things run smoothly—CHAI□. 5. If one is too heavily saddled, it's apt to create difficulties—HO□SE. 6. Lacing of this may cause some people to feel the pinch—SHO□. 7. There's sometimes acid in tuis—□AB. 8. Found in some public parks—TEA□. 9. In heavy gale it's a bit risky to travel down certain kind of—LA□E. 10. These are often recognised by the names of special people—RO□ES. 11. May well prove to be like flint—CHE□T. 12. You'll find one is generally slim—□AG. 13. Can be got over by determined man—SCAR□. 14. Heavy this of miners has a bearing on shortage of mine labour—TO□L.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated February 24, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, February 12.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 416, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 412 is given below "Bullets" Result in column 2.

Service

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

When Wren Smith becomes Mrs. Smith

she'll still insist on using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep her shoes brilliantly smart and waterproof.

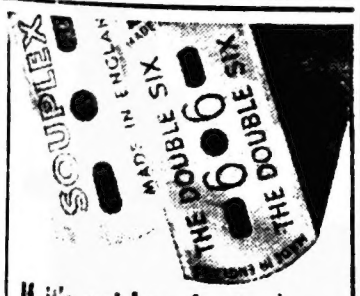
Use sparingly—still in short supply.

C8/CZ

Thanks to

Fennings

CHILDREN'S POWDERS
EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS
SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 *and* 3/-
Prevent Convulsions
Check Teething Setbacks
Send 3d. in stamps to:
Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK"



If it's quicker shaving you want to get SOUPLEX and DOUBLE SIX are the winning bet!

★ Millions of these famous blades go to the Forces. Occasionally small supplies are available for the public. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancs. ★

ARE YOUR EYES TIRED TOO?

Do your eyes feel 'ready to drop out'? Do they burn and smart? Look red and watery? Here's how to get wonderful comfort in 60 seconds. Bathe them in the *modern* eye lotion—the latest advance of scientific progress—'Valopto'. It contains gentle antiseptics to check infection *and* three soothing specially blended plant extracts. A NEW combination discovered after hundreds of tests. Ask your Chemist for 'Valopto' Eye Lotion and get quick certain relief. 2/- (including tax).

VALOPTO

The MODERN Eye Lotion

Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

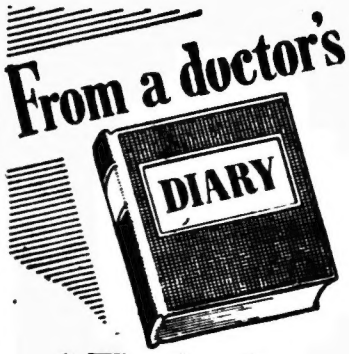
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

From a doctor's DIARY



"What has the Government done about V.D., doctor?"

In the last war, the V.D. problem was even more serious than it is now. A Royal Commission, set up to study the problem, reported in 1916 that at least one person in every ten of the population in the large cities must have been infected with syphilis at some time in their lives; and at that time also a great physician, Sir William Osler, estimated that syphilis ranked third or fourth in the list of diseases that kill. This was an eye opener. The Government took immediate action, causing local Councils to provide laboratory tests and to set up free, confidential clinics all over the country.

The result was that, after a period of comparative stagnation when we seemed to be making no progress, a steady decline began about 1930 in the number of new cases at the clinics. By 1939 we were expecting that in a very short time the scourge of syphilis would be reduced to very small proportions. Progress with gonorrhœa had been less successful because until about 1938, no really satisfactory method of treatment had been discovered.

Unfortunately, with this war, there has once again been a serious increase in V.D. More clinics have been set up, and in 1942 the Government started a widespread campaign of public education, so that everyone should have the chance of learning of the dangers of the venereal diseases and how best they can be dealt with. That educational campaign has been going on ever since, with the co-operation of the Councils for Health Education. It's really an attack on ignorance—ignorance of how these diseases are spread, and how, if contracted, they can be treated and cured.

As a result, many more people are now going promptly to the clinics if they suspect infection. Doctors at the clinics welcome this increased attendance, for it is only by giving treatment at the earliest stage that we can hope to check the spread of venereal disease.

Of course, prevention is always better than cure; and the only certain way to prevent venereal disease is to avoid running the risk of infection

Clean Living is the Real Safeguard

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education
(VD38-16)

This TYPIST says

"I couldn't enjoy even a lunch snack until 'Bisurated' Magnesia ended the indigestion symptoms I used to dread." The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity—set up by fermenting food which is burdening your digestive system. Correct these upsets with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

TARGET FOR TO-NIGHT!

"There's the whistle calling out the Canteen Guard. And me feeling all washed-up."

"The M.O. ordered me TIBS! I only hope it works."

"I got a stripe for my defence of the canteen. And boy, did I clean up those mice! They ought to promote the M.O. for giving me TIBS."

TIBS
Keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule—one powder a day. "TIBS" are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport.

16P

RADIANT & ATTRACTIVE As Ever

BEAUTY is more than skin deep; bright eyes, clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from that internal well-being which nightly Bile Beans can bring.

By toning up the digestion, purifying the blood-stream and daily eliminating food wastes, these purely vegetable Bile Beans keep you healthy, radiant and attractive. So to look and feel your best at all times—

Just Remember Nightly

BILE BEANS

THE VOICE *of* ALASIL ENTHUSIASTS

The Scientist

"Alasil is a form of Aspirin with many Advantages"

FOR several years 'Alasil' Tablets have been known to, and prescribed by, medical and dental practitioners and specialists. Both in theory and in practice the advantages of 'Alasil' are quickly apparent, for in 'Alasil' is presented a form of aspirin which is acceptable to everybody, young or old; even to those with delicate stomachs or upset digestions. This desirable result has been accomplished by combining with the purest aspirin a proportion of 'Alocol'—a powerful antacid which soothes and protects the stomach. For these reasons 'Alasil' Tablets make the well-known pain-relieving qualities of aspirin more widely available.

From now on, *whenever you need an aspirin take an 'Alasil.'* It is not habit-forming, leaves no unpleasant after-effects, and gives speedy and lasting relief from pain.

Alasil TABLETS
Aspirin with a Difference

In Bottles 1/, 1/1½ *and* 1/5. *Cartons* 6d.

A S 16

STOP YOUR TICKLING COUGH!

Pop a Mecca in your mouth

FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1/3
(including Purchase Tax)

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN
TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

It All Began 300 Years Ago

Galileo guessed that the air had weight. But it was his pupils, Torricelli and Viviani, who proved that the atmosphere was heavy enough to hold up a thirty inch column of quicksilver. What is more to the point, during the process they "discovered" the vacuum—without which a radio valve cannot work. Thus it may be said that these 17th century pioneers paved the way for the science of radio; the science which has made the Mullard name world-famous.

MULLARD

the dominant name in Valves since radio began

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.C.2. (JOHN BULL)

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFE!

When you do land a tin — what a triumph! Richly fragrant, full-flavoured coffee, made right in the cup. No bother, no messy grounds; no coffee-pot to wash. Nescafé spells all the enjoyment—none of the drawbacks—of really delicious coffee. Unfortunately supplies of Nescafé do not yet keep pace with growing demand.

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Scottish Oats

A FLAVOUR THAT STARTED A FASHION

PULL up your chair round the peacetime fire. Heap on the coal—there's plenty of it. Help yourself to chocolates. Would you like an egg in milk before you go to bed? This is the kind of life to which Scott's Porage Oats belong. A time when the world's best foods can be had for the asking; Brazilian nuts, Californian peaches, Cheddar cheese, English honey, Scottish oats.

No wonder Scott's Porage Oats—the pick of the Scottish oat crop—are scarce. It's the same with all the good things. After the war Scott's will produce even more full flavoured Scottish oats than they did in 1939.

Scott's *porage* **Oats**

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

A. & R. SCOTT LTD., WEST MILLS, COLINTON, MIDLOTHIAN, SCOTLAND

YOUR FAVOURITE BRAND *will return*

During war-time your soft drinks have been produced under a nation-wide zoning system and sold under one label — the familiar S.D.I. label. When this war-time measure is no longer necessary and the Soft Drinks Industry can revert to its normal methods of production, you will be able once more to choose your favourite brand of minerals, squashes and cordials. Meanwhile, you will be supplied with S.D.I. drinks as liberally as prevailing conditions permit.

S·D·I

The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Assn. Ltd.

"BEST DOG IN THE SHOW"

That's an honour that many a Benbow-conditioned dog has won at Kennel Club and Cruft's, for Benbow's has been the choice of leading Kennels for more than a century. Hundreds of letters from prominent breeders, trainers and owners have testified to the great value of this famous liquid conditioner in preparing dogs for show and keeping them in bloom.

Limited supplies are available from Chemists and Corn Merchants

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

The remedy for Constipation & its worries ...

Only those who have suffered from constipation can realise the depression it may cause. This tendency to worry is just as much a result of constipation as the familiar sick headache or stomach upset. But if you take Beecham's Pills to encourage a thorough but gentle bowel action, you will banish both the cause of the symptoms and the worry that goes with them.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

CRAVEN "A" *for your throat's sake*

10 FOR 1/2 20 FOR 2/4

CARRERAS 150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Only the finest Ingredients are good enough for MARS..

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory—and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

Mars

As good as they always were ...

You get pre-war quality and the full alcoholic strength resulting from natural fermentation when you get V.P. wines; grapes from the vineyards of Empire are grown and gathered for their production here in England. No longer plentiful they are still moderately priced. No other wine can give you such satisfaction for **6/3**

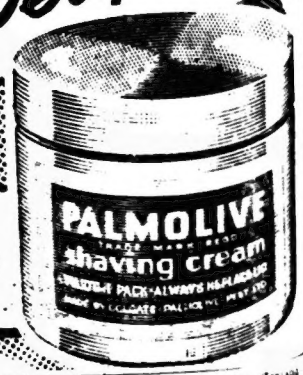
Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

POINT BRAND **V.P. wines**

RICH RUBY * SWEET WHITE * BRITISH SHERRY

MILLIONS OF BRISTLES lose face every day

TO THE SOFTENING SMOOTHING SOOTHING LATHER OF



1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

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